

HYMNS

Composed on

Several Subjects,

And on

DIVERS OCCASIONS:

In Three PARTS.

With an

Alphabetical Table.

1837 261 K

By R. Davis, Minister of the Gospel.

2 10 The Second Edition.

Some of the Hymns Composed by
other Hands.

London: Printed for W. Marshall at the Bible
in Newgate-Street; and H. Baskin, at
the Bible in the Poultry, 1834.

Edinburgh

Elizabeth Eastman
her Book November
of 23 1753
Being then 14 years old

Born, 1739.
Died, 1824.

Aged 85 years

H. Field



The Table.

A

13	A bleeding Jesus	page. 13
26	And has the high	27
1	All ye Seraphic	61
9	All ye Seraphic	69

B

24	Blest door of blifs	25
37	Believe O Soul	38
47	Blest are the Dead	49
46	Behold my Soul	111
19	Bright burning Beams	78
30	Behold th' Attonement	91
43	Echold my Jesus comes	108
11	Behold our Welbeloved	127
18	Behold the Bleeding	136
26	But that our flesh	147

C

1	Christ is our holiness	1
7	Come let's return	7
18	Christ doth the Crown	18
19	Christ our High-Priest	19
23	Christ in our Sins	23
32	Come let's find out	32
43	Christ is the same	44
7	Come let's triumph	67
44	Christ our High-Priest is gone	109
11	Come sing O ye	71
12	Come let's our dearest	72

* 2

21 Come

The Table.

21	Come Saints and view	80
22	Come let us praise	81
23	Christ is the pretious	142
28	Come, come and see	148
D		
13	Dear Lord we in	129
E		
51	Electing grace	53
53	Exalted praise	56
G		
25	Glory and praise	26
36	God of all grace	37
19	God from Eternity	137
H		
13	How beautiful	73
28	How reigning grace	89
32	Here's a Physician	94
36	How b'essed are	99
40	Hear now ye rebels	104
2	How did the glorious	117
3	Hosanna to	118
10	How clean are we	126
I		
6	Into what pitch	6
16	It greatest price	16
30	Jehovah Jesus	31
18	In Christ we	78
37	Jesus our Shepherd	101
17	Immortal honour	134
32	If with some Earthly	152
25	I underneath his Shadow	144
L		
29	Let's not the hqly	39
35	Love ye your lovely	36

The Table.

38	Look unto Jesus	39
45	Lord when thou from	46
49	Lo what a pleasant	51
54	Let's sing the praises	60
41	Let us behold	106
29	Lift up your Voice	14

M

44	Make good thy word	45
113	My Jesus he is all to me	113

N

8	Near did the glory	123
21	Now underneath	140

O

3	O was it ever	3
8	O what a glorious	8
9	Our Lip let's move	9
11	Our Father from	11
14	O wondrous godlike	14
20	Our great High Priest	20
22	O let us bow	22
27	O what a great	28
33	O God in goodness	34
46	Our Jesus pour'd	48
50	O grace recover'd	52
3	O thou art fair	63
5	Our surety from	65
15	O my Dove that	75
49	O what a Fountain of delight	44
17	O worthy is	77
26	O God of grace	86
27	Our Jesus is	87
29	O wounding	90
31	O boundless boundless	22
35	O'mazing wisdom	98

The Table.

98	Our Father from	102
1	Our Lord and Head	116
12	O choicest Banquet	228
34	O Love, o boundless	130
22	O never was	141

R

4	Rejoyce ye Saints	64
14	Rise Zion, shine	74
5	Ravishing Mercy	120
30	Rouse up dull Hearts	150

S

12	Souls must believe	12
39	Sing Hallelujah	40
25	Sinners are sav'd	85
20	Sing Hallelujah	138

T

2	The Soul that sees	2
17	The Heart of Christ	17
21	To him that lov'd	21
28	The Train of Heav'nly	29
34	Thro' ev'ry Grace	35
41	Th' Almighty smil'd	42
48	Tho' the dead Bodies	50
52	The Gospel does	54
2	'Tis finish't cry'd	62
10	To him the Lamb	70
16	Thy Names O Jesus	76
20	The Lamb of God	79
23	The Lord doth	82
42	To us a Child	107
4	The story of	119
9	Tell us O Jesus	124
15	They're Songs of Love	132
24	Thou worthy O	143
26	The	

The Table.

26	The Heav'ns shew forth	146
33	Thy Peoples Praise	153
35	'Tis Angels work	155
37	That glorious grace	157
	W	
4	Why are ye cast down	4
5	What free rich Grace	5
10	When Captive Slaves	10
15	We black but comely	15
31	What glorious	32
40	What fulness of	41
42	What mighty weight	43
6	We thro' the Law	66
8	What meaneth this	68
24	What ails the Nations	84
33	Who shall ascend	95
34	When we were far	97
47	Why dost thou hide thy Face	112
39	Whose Body's this	103
45	What Trumpet's this	110
6	We drank the Wine	121
7	What Glorious Sacrifice	122
16	Who's this that doth	133
31	Where are those blest	151
34	What bounty Lord	154
36	What Dainties doth	156
37	What shall we say	158
38	Whence comes it that	159

BOOKS

BOOKS Sold by William Marshall at the Bible in Newgate-street.

The Works of Mr *John Bunyan*, in Folio, Vol. 1. price 14. s.

Dr. *Crisp's* Works, in large Quarto. price 8. s.

A Vindication of Dr. *Crisp's* Works, by Mr. *Beverley*, 6. d.

A Vindication of Dr. *Crisp's* Works, by Mr. *Edwards*, 1. s.

A Vindication of Dr. *Crisp's* Works, Entituled, *Christ made Sin*: By *Samuel Crisp*, Esq.

A Vindication of Dr. *Crisp's* Works by Mr. *Lancaster*. price. 1. s.

BOOKS Sold by H. Barnard at the Bible in the Poultry.

Neonomianism Unmask'd: Or the Ancient Gospel pleaded, against the other, called, the new Law. in Answer to Mr. *Dan. Williams's* Gospel Truth stated and Vindicated. By *Isaac Chauncy*, M. A.

The true Spring of Gospel light, and sense of Sin: *Jesus Christ*, and him Crucified; evidently set forth by his Spirit, in his Word. Delivered in a Sermon, Preached at London. And since enlarged, by *Richard Davis*.

Select Hymns.

BOOK. I.

H Y M N I.

Chrift is our Holiness and Peace,
Chrift is our righteousness;
Chrift is our Husband, Brother, Friend,
Our Life, our Head, our Dress.

Chrift our Redemption, and our hope,
Salvation, Glory, Rest:
In *him* we're Righteous, Clean & Strong,
In *him* we're fully blest.

Chrift is our Wisdom, Riches, Strength;
fo is, and was, and shall
For ever be unto his own;
thus *Chrift* is all in all!

In *him* we've righteousness and strength;
in *him* we've Peace and Grace;

2 *Select Hymns.* Book. I.

In him true Honour, Pleasure, Wealth
discov' red in his Face.

Tho' we be *Poor*, in him we're *Rich*,
tho' *Weak*, in him we're *Strong* ;
When with'ring, in this *green Firree*,
we flourish all along.

Let's still admire and him adore
who always is the same,
Let's magnify his glorious Grace,
and praise his mighty name.

H Y M N II.

THe Soul that sees in *Jesus Christ*
a lovely pretiousness,
And does behold a glory in
his spotless *righteousness* ;

Sees his own *doings* will not do,
counts them, but loss and sin ;
This Soul hath ventur'd upon *Christ*
and doth *believe* on him.

The Souls that with delight do view
the *Righteousness* of *Christ*,
Are taken with so suitable,
and with so great a *Priest* ;

Are glad that such a *Saviour* is
Poor Sinners for to *save*,
Tho' not for them yet the *True Faith*
that works by love they have.

Question not doubting trembling soul
thy *Faith*, but still believe,

Behold

Book. I. *Select Hymns.*

Behold a *Christ*, lean on a *Christ*,
an off'red *Christ* receive ;

And pou'r forth praises to thy *Christ*
that thee this faith hath given :

Go on believing, pressing still
'till thou art got to Heaven.

H Y M N III.

O ! Was it ever known before,
the *Kings own Son* should crowned be
On purpose for to interceed
for a rebellious Enemy !

Thus our dear *Jesus* seiz'd his Throne,
put on his grandure and his state,
Sat on th' right Hand of *Majesty*
that he might be our Advocate.

The World can never instance this
that Kings should *Beggars* cause so own
As that to think to serve them, is
beyond the pleasures of a *Crown*.

Our dearest *Advocate* thinks this
the chiefest sum of his renown,
To serve his Children now above
the brightest *Jewel* of his Crown.

To him are Honour, Glory, Praise,
Obedience, Love, and Service due ;
The all-prevailing *Advocate*,
the faithful witness and the true.

H Y M N IV.

VHy are ye cast down *Princes*
 ye *Royal Seed* of God ? (*ones,*
 What'e're's your frame, your *Christs* the
 there's *Hony* on his Rod. (same,
 He bids you *ever* to rejoyce,
 again, he says, rejoyce ;
 What'ere says Law, Sin, Satan, this
 is your *beloveds* voice.
 Why should you be discourag'd ? you,
 O *beirs* of free rich Grace ?
 For goodly is your *beritage*,
 and pleasant is your *place*.
 Whate're discouragements object,
 our *Christ* can answer all ;
 His arm is ready to lift up,
 when we're about to fall.
 Do we draw back from God, because
 we're filthy and unclean ?
 He cloaths us with his *Shining Robes*,
 let's on with boldness then.
 Are we afraid his *Heart* is chang'd ?
 no ; let us have no dread ;
 His heart *runs* o're with grace and love
 as much as e'e it did.
 Let's send up praises unto him ;
 let us his name extoll :
 His mercy was from ever sure,
 and so it ever shall.

H Y M N. V.

WHat *free*, rich grace, unmix'd & pure,
The *Gospel* do's proclaim !
Moses with all his various rites
could never speak so plain.

Come Saints, come also Sinners, tast
this *Water*, *Milk*, and *Wine* ;
Wine without dregs, that of the Lees
our *Lord* did well refine.

Here's *Pardon* without wrath at all ;
white *Garments* without stain ;
A *Conscience Peace* made sure and strong,
an *ease* that's free from pain :

A perfect conscience *Liberty*,
that has no *Yoke* at all

For whom the *Son* makes free, are free,
and ought to know no thrall.

Our *Jesus* suffered once for all,
and he obtain'd thereby,
Pardons eternal, infinite,
and perfect *Liberty*.

And then he entred once for all,
(not without *Blood*) above :
His sprinkled *Blood* on th' *Mercy-Seat*
that ever pleads for love ;

For boundless love, for goodness, *Peace*,
for never ceasing grace :
God's reconcil'd within our Souls,
it cries, and cries apace.

H Y M N VI.

INto what pitch of glory we,
 in *Jesus* mounted are!
 Far above that (had *Adam* stood)
 which should have been our share.
Faith do's disclose such mysteries,
 as *Adam* ne're did see:
 Angels now stoop themselves, to pry
 into this Myserie.

In *Christ* what boundle's grace, and love?
 what Glory, Peace, and Hope?
 The Fountains of the Deep break up,
 and Heavens Windows ope.

What great *Salvation*, then is this
 the *Gospel* brings to light!
 It's so astonishing to Faith,
 what will it be to fight!

Come *Saints* admire, adore, set forth
 in Songs and Hymns this grace:
 Down, down with every *Idol* Self
 that steps up in it's place.

Sinners, this Grace is tendred to
 the vilest of you all:
 Come Sinners, come accept this grace,
 the *Gospel* gives a call.

Stand not for to dispute, and dye;
 free offered grace receive;
 Such love embrace, accept such grace;
 O do this grace believe!

H Y M N VII

Come let's return unto the *Lord*,
who lov'd, & wash'd us with his blood:
Let's turn to him ; because he hath
declar'd to us that he is good.

O what a hateful thing is *Sin*
against a God of boundless grace !
That thus affronts the God of love,
and *Spits* in the Redeemers Face.

What Heart of stone would not be broke
to see our *Jesus* pierc'd by us,
And that these Murtherers, our *Sins*
should wound and tear our *Saviour* thus!

What Face confusion will not spread ?
What Soul would not it self abase,
To see that *Jesus* loved him
in such a *wretched, Sinful* case !

He lov'd us first, O let us love !
let love constrain us to obey ;
Such a good Master who'd not serve,
yea love, and honour him alway ?

Come Sinners taste the *Grace* of God,
that's offred freely unto you :
Come and accept of *Christ*, and then
all your repentance will be true.

Take *Christ* for Saviour, Life, & Strength
your service then won't be in vain ,
Come rest you in the love of *Christ*,
you'l mourn then in a Gospel strain.

8 *Select Hymns, Book I.*

Glory, and Honour, lasting praise
 be to our *dearest* Jesus given :
 Let's here then praise his name always,
 'Till swallow'd in that work in Heaven.

H Y M N VIII.

O What a glorious light is this
 the *Gospel* day does bring to us !
 What wondrous *Grace* of God in Christ
 does *Faith* reveal to Sinners thus ?

Both Life and Immortality
 are by the *Gospel* brought to light :
 The fair bright day of truth appears
 beyond what *Moses* spake by rites.

How do's the God of love and grace
 appear *our* Father and *our* Lord ?
 How does the *Gospel* this declare
 in *Jesus* name, and in *his* word ?

The Lord the *Spirit* does reveal
 this truth to our dark consciences
 By pou'ring in Christ's *pard'ning* blood
 within, he manifesteth this.

The Gospel that ran free at first,
 hath since been Seal'd with many *Seals*
 But *Judah's* Lion hath prevail'd
 to open them, and he reveals,

They shall be opened all at last :
 the *Lamb* will now a *Lion* be ;
 O glorious *Lamb* and *Lion* too !
 all praise and honour be to thee.

H Y M N

H Y M N IX.

O Ur Lips let's move for Songs of love;
to praise *Electing* love;
Send down to our assistance Lord
thy *Spirit* from above.

Eternal Grace in Jesus Face,
that shines to's Bride and Wife,
That still to bless, through righteousness
Reigns to Eternal life.

In praises high let's magnify,
adoring bow thereto !

O *Grace* ! Free grace ! O glorious grace,
that rescu'd us from woe.

When God resolv'd that *Grace* should save:
a *Law* of Life came in,

That at the breaches of this Law
grace deluge might o're Sin:

And why must *Sin* then enter in ?
that grace might overflow :

Since *Mounts* of Sin can't bound it in,
Grace boundless is we know.

Law, Death, Sin, Hell, brought to the Field,
the strength of *Grace* to try ;

Grace gives a fall unto them all,
and wins the victory..

All to attest and manifest
th' omnipotence of *Grace*.,

And that it is unchangeable,
nothing can it efface..

10 *Select Hymns.* Book I.

Tho' we might see it's Sov'reignty,
Sin's suffered first alone

T'extend it's *Empire* far and wide
 and fortify its Throne.

That as *Sin* reigned unto *Death*,
 so *Grace* might wield the Sword ;
 And reign to *Life* thro' righteousness,
 in *Jesus Christ* our Lord.

H Y M N X.

W^Hen Captive *Slaves* to Sin and Death,
 a *Dying Jesus* set us free ;
 Rais'd from a *Dungeon* to a *Throne* :
 O glorious Goal delivery !

That worst of *Rebels* may not be
 for ever ruin'd and undone,
 The injur'd King to Justice does
 deliver up his *only Son*.

That the *offender* at the Bar
 might stand acquit, the *Judg* doth dye ;
 Condemns himself to Bands and Chains,
 to set the *wretch* at liberty.

Astonish'd be the Heav'ns above !
 confounded be the Earth below !
 Here's love and grace for to amaze,
 not to o're do, but overflow.

Poor Sinners come believe this grace,
 come venture on't, and you shall be,
 By reigning *Grace* from reigning *Sin*
 freed in our Lord as well as we.

Accept

Book I. *Select Hymns.*

11

Accept you of our *Jesus Christ*,
and with him you'll have all *his* grace :
To day he calls, *to day* come all
there's left for you both room and place.

Who would of *Fetters* then be fond,
if they this moment might be free ?
O ! therefore harden not your Hearts,
who now are call'd to liberty.

But now, e'n now obey the call,
that you and we might *Christ* adore ;
Sound far and wide his praises high
to whom they'r due forever more.

H Y M N X I.

O Ur Father from *Eternity*
look'd on us in our Sin ;
Then view'd a bleeding righteous *Christ*,
and we compleat in *him*.

He then with God the Son agreed,
th' *obedience* of the Son
Imputed be to the *Elect* ;
then 'twas agreed and done.

O wondrous grace and love indeed !
that from *Eternity*
Should be imploy'd to make us pure
and absolutely free !

With this *imputed righteousness*
forever cloath'd upon,
Than *Angels* far accepted more
to God upon the Throne.

Which

12 *Select Hymns.* Book I.

Which never changes with *our* frames,
no; nor *our* Holiness:

Not sin, nor guilt, not Death nor World,
can touch or move *this* dress.

Let's his immortal honour sing,
who wrought this out for us;

In praises, yea in living praise,
Extol his *garments* thus.

H Y M N XII.

Souls must *believe* and come to *Christ*,
or dye for breach of Laws:

And yet there is no *Soul* can come
but whom the *Father* draws.

Uniting Faith's a pow'rful light
revealing *Christ* within,

And in discov'ring pardon, does
destroy the reign of *Sin*.

In shewing to the Soul, that Sin,
and self are cov'red o'er;

It turns the Soul from self and sin
Our *Jesus* to adore.

It is a great creating light,
gives light where there was none;

In a dark Heart it's beams displays,
softens a Heart of Stone.

'Tis the same power wrought in *Christ*
when rais'd up from the Dead,

And over Principalities,
and Powers set him *Head*.

Let's

Let's look to him, and praise him too ;
Jesus above that hath
 This power to give, the *Author* is
 and *finisher* of Faith.

H Y M N XIII

A Bleeding *Jesus* testify'd
 this with his latest breath,
 That he had conquest finished
 o're *Sin*, o're *Hell*, o're *Death*.

'*Tis finish't* ! O this joyful sound
 Rings through the Heavens above !
 Gbd and good Angels do rejoyce
 O hear is wondrous love !

Tis finish't ; cries our *bleeding Lord*,
 I have receiv'd the blow
 For mine ; let *Justice* sheath his Sword,
 and Father, let *them* go.

Father, *its finish't* ; I have made
 full end of *Sin* for them ;
My righteousness does make *them* just ;
 who is't that dare condemn !

'*Tis finish't* ! This through all the Earth,
 to *Sinners* gives a call ;
 All things are ready, *Sinners* come
 unto this Marriage all.

'*Tis finish't* ! O how pleasant is
 to *guilty* Souls this sound ?
 It does bind up the broken Bones,
 And heals each deadly wound.

14 *Select Hymns.* Book I.

'Tis finish'd ! don't your Souls, O Saints,
leap at this pleasant voice ?

For your *redemption's* now compleat,
forevermore rejoyce.

O but it has a sound of dread
to all the *damn'd* below !

Love, Mercy, Grace, are finish'd
but not a drop for you.

You *Dev'ls*, for you I have not bled,
and *Sinners* you defy'd

My *Blood*, and have my *Person* scorn'd :
Now you shall be deny'd.

To him that wash't us with his *Blood*
Eternal praise be given,

From all the Saints that are on Earth,
and all the Saints in Heaven.

H Y M N XIV.

O Wondrous Godlike *righteousness* !
then tinctur'd with the Godhead
The bright perfections of a God (thro'
do over all this *garment* flow.

The Tongues of glorious Saints above,
and Angels voices, can't express

The beauteous shining glory of
this *Everlasting* righteousness.

It is *Almighty* in it self
and of *Almighty* vertue too,

And all things both in Heaven and Earth
it can, and will, and does subdue.

'Tis

Tis *all-sufficient*, it can give,
 what ere poor sinners want, or crave;
 It giveth all things to the poor,
 and doth unto the utmost save.

It never changes, tho' we may;
 it shall on Saints outshine the Sun;
 Nothing in us can alter this,
 nor now, nor when our life is done.

Let us, that made are *Priests* to God,
 clad in this white and shining dress,
 Still send our shoutings up of praise,
 unto the Lord our *righteousness*.

H Y M N XV.

WE black, but *comely* are, O Men,
 black in our selves, *comely* in him,
 Who is the Lord our *Righteousness*,
 pronounced *clear*, tho' we have sin.

O! What a *Righteousness* is this
 that hath *Jehovah* for it's name!
 And is our *Righteousness* and his,
 in name and self the very same!

Our selves are poor, we nothing have,
 and yet we all things do possess:
 We only glory in the Lord,
 even in the Lord our *Righteousness*.

We in our selves the sentence have
 Of death, but our dear Saviour bled:
 Our confidence we put in him,
 who rais'd up *Jesus* from the Dead.

16 *Select Hymns.* Book I.

We are pronounc'd all over *clean*;
 the Plague of Leprosie hath done;
 Our great *High-Priest* hath this pronounc'd
 we're without *guilt* before the Throne.
 Lord give us mighty Faith in this,
 and we shall mighty Foes subdue;
 Our Faith's (like *Samps.* hairs) our strength
 by which we *Bars* and *Gates* break thro'.
 Let's Honour, Glory, Power, give,
 and *Hallelujah* to him sing,
 Who is the Bright and Morning Star,
 the awful great immortal King.

H Y M N XVI.

IF greatest Price can purchase peace,
 Believer ben't afraid
 To buy for thee his Fathers peace,
Christ hath the Ransome paid.
 If strength and power can prevail
 to Rescue thee from Thrall;
 Chear up; for thy *Redeemer's* strong,
 the Sov'reign Lord of all.
 If the prevailing prayer of
 a powerful Favourite,
 Can for thee any *grace* procure,
 then fear thou not thy *right*.
 Peace, Pardon, Life, and Glory too,
 are without Question thine:
 His Intercession, Death and Power,
 do all for thee combine.

For

Book I. *Select Hymns.* 17

For *Christ* thou hast, and thou hast *all*,
and *glory* thou shalt have :
He who e're lives to intercede,
can to the utmost save.

Now thanks let's give to him that lives,
to intercede above,
And let us to his glory live,
thro' Patience, Faith, and Love.

H Y M N XVII.

THE *heart* of *Christ* in *Heaven* now
is stor'd with *grace* and *love*,
His *Bowels* towards *Sinners* now
with strong *Compassion* move.
He gives no slumber to his *Eyes*,
but still employs his *Care*,
How to deliver his i'th' *World*
out of the *Devils* Snare,
There he doth plead, and intercede,
with his great *Father* too ;
Thus he employs his glorious *Care*
to *Rescue* us from *Woe*.
His *Love* and *Bowels* are not chang'd,
for all his glorious *Crown* :
Sinners, O could you see his *Face*,
O sure 'twould melt you down !
His *Gospel*, and his *Spirit* too,
unbosome him to you :
O view his *grace*, accept his *grace*,
believe his *grace*, most true.

18 *Select Hymns.* Book I.

Come, you are welcome to his *grace* ;
 O cast your selves therein,
 This is the *Fountain* opened wide,
 to cleanse from filth of *Sin*,
 Is there a hardned Sinner here,
 that will this *grace* *refuse* ?
 On thy own Head then be thy Blood,
 since thou wilt Ruin choose.
 Let us that tasted have this *grace*,
 his Praises sound on high :
 Let's praise this *grace*, O *glorious* *grace* !
 Reign thou Eternally.

H Y M N XVIII.

Chris^t doth the Crown in *Zion* wear,
 and all the *Nations* Rules,
 And by his power he doth subdue
 untam'd *Rebellious* Souls.

Preach'd to the World, receiv'd by *Faith* ;
 of Heaven, Earth, and Hell,
 The mighty King and Sov'reign Lord,
 who can his glory tell?

The *Fountain* ; nay the *Ocean*,
 the fulness of all *grace* :
 The glory of the Father shines
 in thy most lovely Face.

The *Temple*, which the splendid *Train*
 of all the Godhead fills :
 Perfections, Beauties, blaze in thee,
 of everlasting Hills.

The

Book I. *Select Hymns.* 19

The bright, the clear *Essential Glass* ;
in which we may behold
Jehovah's shining Majesty,
Out-dazling Pearls and Gold.
Of thee we'll sing, Almighty King,
our glorious *Solomon* ;
Our *Jesus*, Prophet, Prince, and Priest,
the Father's *Christ* and Son.
O ! who may dare with thee compare ?
Created Beings all,
Like *Dagon*, 'fore the *Ark* of old,
before thy Feet must fall.
Let's Echo forth his praise, who is
the Judg of Quick and Dead :
In *Zion's* Gates praise for thee waits,
our Sov'reign Lord and Head.

H Y M N XIX.

C *Hrist* our high-priest, defends his Church
a Wall of Fire round about,
The Bulwark of *Jerusalem* ;
He like a King in her doth shout.
His Eyes are watchful to secure
his glory upon her from harms ;
Our *Solomon* has Valiant Men
to keep his *Bed* from Night Alarms.
That which intitles him to all,
is the *bright Garment* which he wears ;
And 'tis that Cov'ring that secures
us from our filth, and guilt, and fears.

The

The Godly stand now in that *Robe*,
and shall for ever stand therein;
This Garment is a Cov'ring for
our Holiness as well as Sin.

It is the Righteousness of *Christ*,
that is with him at God's Right Hand;
And 'tis in the Lord above we have
this *Righteousness* wherein we stand.

This Cov'ring hath it's great defence,
for *Jacob's* God with *Jacob* is
As a strong Tow'r, because he sees
no Sin in him as Cloth'd with this.

Our God and Father in his Love,
doth rest upon his *Mercy-Seat*,
And thence, with us, about his Grace,
his Love, and Favour stoops to treat.

All thanks and praise be to his Name,
who dwells in his Love's resting place;
And thence for ever doth shour down
on *Rebels*, Favour, Love, and Grace.

H Y M N XX.

O UR great *High-Priest*, our person
To's Father represent, (doth
In that refulgent splendid *Robe*,
that casts forth Spice's scent.

He takes our Prayers, and he throws out
what's Sinful, and what's Bad:
Reformed thus he brings them in
with his own Merits Glad.

And

Book I. *Select Hymns.* 21

And *Holiness* unto the Lord,
doth write upon them all :
We, and our Duties, stand in him,
and thus can never fall.

Tho' *poor* our Persons ; *poor* our Frames ;
and *poor* our Duties too :
Yet we are *rich* in him ; and ours
do make a splendid show.

A Pray'r, like th' Chatt'ring of a Crane,
mixt with this *Incense*, flies
Like to the mighty Clouds above,
and pierceth thro' the Skies.

There they are entred on the File,
and Blessings will bring down ;
They now above, and we one Day,
shall wear the promis'd *Crown*.

Glory let's bring unto our King,
and Intercessor too ;
High Praises to our Advocate
that dwells in Heav'n, are due.

H Y M N XXI.

TO *him* that lov'd us of himself,
and dy'd to do us good,
And wash'd us from our Scarlet Sins,
in his most pretious Blood.

And made us Kings and Priests to God,
his Father infinite,
To *him* Eternal Glory be,
and Everlasting Might.

The

22 *Select Hymns.* Book I.

The *Lamb* is worthy that was slain,
to have all Pow'r, and Wealth,
All Honour, Glory, Wisdom, Strength,
thanks for his saving health.

Thanks, Honour, Glory, Pow'r to him,
that on the *Throne* doth sit,
And to the *Lamb* for ever and
for ever ; *so be it.*

Thousands of Thousands of the Saints,
which stand before their King,
With shining *Robes*, and spreading *Palms*,
loud *Hallelujahs* sing.

Ascribe *Salvation* to our Lord,
who sits upon the *Throne*,
And to the *Lamb*, the glorious *Lamb*,
Ascribe *Salvation*.

Amen, Amen, the Angels cry,
Salvation is his due ;
And *we thro'* all Eternity,
his Praises will renew.

Thanks, Glory, Blessing, Wisdom, Might,
Honour and Power then,
Be to our *God*, and to the *Lamb*,
for evermore, *Amen*.

H Y M N XXII.

O ! Let us bow before the Lord,
the Lord of *glory* that's above,
Who Tabernacled among us :
O great effects of wondrous Love !

And

Book I. *Select Hymns.* 23

And thro' the *Vail* his blessed Flesh,
let's go to God on th' Mercy Sear;
Who sits to Commune with us thence,
As before God in him compleat.

Glory and Praise, let's warble forth,
to him, in an *Angelick* strain;
To him the *Lamb* upon the Throne,
to him the *Lamb* that hath been slain.

He is that *Temple* in which God
doth lift his *Train* of Glory high:
All the perfections shine in him,
of the *Eternal* *Diety*.

How glorious is this mighty King!
How full of Majesty this *Son*;
How richly clad this great *High Priest*!
how fair this *welbeloved one*!

He is the *Altar* all of Gold,
he is the *Hill* of Frankinsence;
Our duties all are Sanctify'd,
accepted too, as coming thence.

Coals from this *Altar* touch our Lips
that we may his great praises sound:
O let our *Tongues* be still employ'd
to publish all his acts around.

H Y M N XXIII.

Chrift in our sins was wrap't about,
when he our Sacrifice did fall;
Our Sins all met upon our Lord,
He satisfaction made for all.

That

24 *Select Hymns.* Book I.

That so believers might be wrapt
about with his great *Righteousness*,
To cover duty, Sin, and Self
that there appear no nakedness.

He broke the *Pow'r*, and hid the *Filth*,
he dissolv'd the *guilt* of Sin :

The graces of Heav'n and Holiness,
hath op't to let his *Nation* in.

He in his Body on the *Tree*
has to his God them reconcil'd ;

The Father Sinners does embrace,
thro' *Jesus Christ* his only Child.

He is the *Ark* and resting place,
Where gathered Sinners are secure
From the great Flood of Sin and wrath,
in a retreat that is most sure.

In him the *Fathers* goodness dwells ;

in him the *Fathers* love appears,

In him we in Gods love abide

delivered from our guilt and fears.

Therefore let's celebrate his praise,

who is the mighty *Prince of Life* ;

Who would espouse a filthy Soul,

unto himself, and make his Wife.

Glory and Honour unto him ;

sing praise (& let no Tongue be dumb)

Unto the bleeding Lamb above ;

for by his Blood we overcome.

H Y M N

H Y M N XXIV.

Sung at a Funeral.

BLeft door of *Bliss* to weary Saints,
thou art grim *Death* become ;
Secur'd as in a *Cabinet*
their *dust* is in the tomb.

By *Death* they enter to those joys
prepar'd for them above,
There they are ever swallow'd up
in endless life and Love.

O! *There* they see as they are seen,
with clear unclouded views ;

O! *There* they hear of nothing else
but joyful, glorious news.

Anthems of joys, of love, and praise,
And *Hallelujah's* sung :

Who would be fond of this vain World
this *Dross* this *Dirt*, this *Dung* ?

There Saints for ever do behold
their dearest *Jesus* Face :

There always they admiring are
Eternal boundless grace.

They're in the *House* not made with Hands ;
in *Heav'n* Eternally

They dwell, and with the *Rays* of *Christ*
they shine most gloriously.

Quite freed from labour, sorrow, Sin,
from *Cumbrance*, *Peril*, *Pain* ;

C

Then

Then we shall find what e're we did
For *Christ* was not in vain.

Now *Heavens* work is here begun,
the work of singing praise ;
The work and will of God in *Christ*,
which there will work always.

H Y M N XXV.

GLory and praise, ascribe always
to the Eternal King :
Ye blessed Saints with Heart and Voice
his glorious wonders sing.

While *Christ* endures, ye are secure
ty'd with strong Cov'nant bands;
Lust never can nor Death, nor Man
pluck you from *Jesus* Hands.

Your Husband, Head, your Sheppard,
he who engag'd for you, (friend,
Is the Almighty and All-wise,
unchangeable and true.

The Covenant on God's great word,
and Oath most firmly stands:
The Father's above all, none can
pluck from the *Fathers* Hands.

He from Eternity Decreed,
th' Elect should happy be ;
Nor World, nor Flesh, nor Mans bad heart
can alter his Decree.

O then lets praise, since *Heavens* joys
are in our Souls begun ;

And

And let our praises like our joys,
have never never done.

H Y M N. XXVI.

ANd has the high and lofty *One*,
that dwells in bright Eternal day,
Stoop't down t' embrace poor *Clods* of
And dwell in tenements of *Clay*? (Earth

Ravishing, condescending Love!

O goodness that's astonishing!

Who would not warble forth thy praise?
the wonders of thy glory sing?

Did ever *King* dissolve himself
to have Communion with the *Poor*?

Or lay his *Grandeur* by t' embrace,
a base, deformed *Black-a-moor*?

But the Eternal *Majesty*
the *Lord* of glory, he did so:

The great Creators boundless love
thro' *Christ* doth to his Creatures flow:

His Creatures; nay his wretched ones,
his most rebellious Enemies;

These his *delight*, his *Jewels*; these,
'these are the *Apples* of his Eyes.

What shall we say? ravish't, amaze
and where if we could speak begin?

In silence then let us sink down,
since such vast depths we're swallow'd in

HYMN XXVII.

O! What a great *High Priest* have we
with garments shining bright !
And in whose garments we appear
before our God in light.

Our *Priest* doth sit upon the Throne,
a Prophet understood :
Thence rules and guides, as well as saves
us with his God-like Blood.

Who'd not to such a *Scepter* bow,
that's Righteousness and Peace?
Who would not such *Obedience* choose
that is an holy ease ?

Our *King* is great *Melchizedech*,
and King of *Salem* too !
What pleasure, Honour, glory is't
that he should us subdue ?

O! What an *Officer* have we ;
Eternal, infinite,
Unchangeable, supream, most true,
most glorious, pure, and bright.

Eternal honour to our *Priest*,
Eternal thanks and praise :
Let's Hallelujahs warble forth,
let's sing to him always.

H Y M N XXVIII.

THe *train* of Heavenly glory fills
 the *Flesh* wherein the *Godhead* dwells:
 The *Fathers* goodness his blest'd Face,
 whence we receive and grace for grace
 This is the *Mercy Seat*, and *Throne*,
 which boundless *Grace* does sit upon ;
 Eternal *wisdom* does enshrine
 it's beams in him, and thence they shine
 Hence wicked *Rebels* for to harm,
 comes forth the thunder of *Gods* arm :
 All pow'r o're earth, or'e hell, or'e heav'n
 is by the *Father* to *him* given.
 The beams of inf'nite *Holiness*,
 do dart most awful thro' *his* *Flesh* :
 The *Holy Jesus* doth declare,
 what holiness in the *Godhead* are.
 He is a saving gracious *Christ* ;
 the judgment that *God* did intrust
 With him doth plainly manifest,
 both to the damned and the just.
 This great *foundation* that endures,
 Reveals our *God* more true and sure :
 To summ up all, we hence inferr,
 He is the *Fathers* *Character*.
 Who would not love this *lovely* Son
 this bright, this glorious shining *one* ?
 What *stammering* Tongue can silent be,
 Or is there an unbowing *Knee* ?

30 *Select Hymns.* Book I.

O! Let his *brightness* be unfurl'd,
 tell ye his wonders thro' the World ;
 Inspired with an holy flame,
 make mention of his awful name.

H Y M N XXIX.

LET's not the *Holy Spirit* grieve,
 but let's it's motions Mind :
 Saints, let us say our *Sails* are fill'd
 with this almighty *Wind*.

If vain or wicked we should be
 in Lip, in Life, or Heart,
 Or else defile our selves with *Pitch*
 the *Spirit* will depart.

If we should dare Christs honour slight,
 b^e in duty negligent,
 The Spirit will be quench't, by that,
 whom Son and Father sent.

When we his Gifts and callings slight,
 and's message do distrust ;
 We then the Spirit do provoke,
 and's motions do resist.

When we don't hearken unto *him*
 but to the *Law* within ;
 No wonder then we fetter'd are,
 and feel the reign of Sin.

When we no Heart, nor Lip, nor Tongue
 have for his praise to move ;
 No wonder he doth cease to tell
 us stories of Christ's love.

H Y M N

H Y M N . XXX.

Jehovah Jesus, O how sweet !
how healing and how good
Is the Almighty vertue of
his Godlike Sacred *Blood* !

It's the *Eye-Salve* that cures the mind,
it's *Gileads Sovereign Balm* ;
Dead Souls it quickens, and it makes
a fleeting conscience calm.

It wrath removes, God reconciles,
creates a peace within ;
Altho' it daily Crucifies
in dwelling lust and Sin.

'Tween *David's* house and *Saul's*, it sets
a constant fatal strife :
O happy we ! Altho' it grieves,
that is a sign of life.

Oh ! pretious Blood ! O *Sacred Flood* !
that in perdition drowns
Our lust and sin that reign within
but us with glory Crowns.

Why will the sinner perish, since
ther's such an healing *Pool* ?
Such fountains opened in *Christs* side
to heal his leprous Soul ?

O ! *Hallelujah* ever be
sung in *Jehovah's* praise,
Who such Salvation wrought to us,
such glory, bliss, and joys !

HYMN XXXI.

WHat glorious *Intercessor's* this
 that lives for us upon the Throne!
 He is arrayed with glory bright,
 and long hath in that glory shone.
 He's with the greatest honours crown'd,
 advanc'd to highest dignity.
 He's vested with almighty pow'r,
 above all powers set on high.
 He's *King* of Heaven, Earth, and Hell;
 all things subjected are to him,
 Angels, and Devils, and mankind,
 both good and bad, Death, Hell, & Sin.
 But yet his Children's Minister
 all this doth for their service own,
 He rules o'er all *them* for to serve
 And sits their *Priest* upon the Throne.
 Thus *he* employs his powers all,
 his glory, might, and Majesty,
 His favour, and his interest,
 to serve his Childrens liberty.
 This he doth manage every Hour,
 and every Moment, now above,
 Ev'n our Salvation, safety, peace,
 and is not this amazing love!
 All honour, glory, thanks, and praise,
 be to this *Intercessor* given;
 Who for the service of our Faith
 sits now enthron'd on high in Heav'n.

HYMN.

HYMN XXXII.

Come let's find out our cursed sin;
 and therefore let us go
 Unto a *Crucified Christ*,
 and there we sin shall know.

Let's *humbled* be and mourn for sin;
 therefore let's go and view
 Our *Jesus* whom our sins did pierce
 then shall our grief be *true*.

So let us *loath* Sin and our selves,
 our God is pacify'd;
 And his love delug'd over Mounts,
 then when our *Jesus* dy'd.

To God let's make *acknowledgment*
 for sin with shame of Face:
 Our Father saw us a far off,
 and ran to our embrace.

Repentance is a beauteous Tree
 On Faith its *Roots* doth grow;
 It's watred, and is juct by *Love*,
 which love from *Faith* doth flow.

Sinners, you must repent or dye;
 and would you then repent,
 O! Come to *Jesus* he will give
 your godly sorrow vent.

O! Come to him, and do not stay
 for mourning first, or ease;
 For change of life, or broken Heart,
 for he will give all these.

Come

Come you with us, and honour him;
 let's honour his *free grace*,
 Let that be magnify'd alone
 and that alone embrace.

H Y M N XXXIII.

O God in goodness infinite,
 thou art most ready to forgive,
 Who from thy *Bosom* sent'st thy Son,
 to dye for us, that we might live.
 Come grieved consciences, come tast
 This heavenly *cheer*, so choice, so good;
 Get into *Jesus* wounded sides,
 drink in the vertue of his Blood.
 Your *Smart* shall turn'd be into joy
 your *Sin* shall dye, your *grief* shall cease:
 This *shed* Blood in thy Heart shall shed
 the love of *Jesus* and his peace.
 Thou shalt see God thy Father is,
 that he hath chose thee afore time;
 That all thy Sins forgotten are,
 that Christ in covenant is thine.
 Come all ye saints, and praise the Lord,
 who hath done such great things for you;
 Admire, adore his goodness all,
 which is as boundless as tis true.

H Y M N

H Y M N XXXIV.

THro' ev'ry grace and duty too,
Faith doth it self diffuse ;
 For Holiness in Heart and Life
 is *Faith* put out to use.

Faith is the Root and Tree, from which
 all other Branches slide,
 And every grace o'th' Spirit is
 (but faith) diversify'd.

Love's faith embracing : *Hope* is faith
 that looks for what's to come :
Patience is faith expecting ; *Zeal*
 is faith upon the run :

And *self-denial* is a grace
 that empties us of all
 That self abhors, and comes to Christ
 according to his call.

Each duty must be done in *Faith* ;
Faith throughout all must run :
 The Devil, Sin, the World and all
 'tis *Faith* must overcome.

Now to the purchaser of *Faith*,
 and giver of it too,
 Be honour, glory, thanks, and praise,
 as it's most meet and due.

HYMN XXXV.

Love ye your *lovely Lord*, ye Saints,
who's altogether fair :
Created beauties are but shades
if they with *him* compare.

Stir and awake your Souls to Love,
your *Jesus* to embrace :
With wonders all his *Glory* view,
that's full of truth and grace.

His blest *example* imitate,
and learn of him who's meek,
His lowly humble steps tread in,
his *Face* and favour seek.

Give honour to *King Jesus*, Saints,
give honour to his name ;
The *Fathers* honour doth require,
the Son should have the same.

His *Father* hath transfer'd on *him*
his glory, judgment, fame ;
He hath advanc'd him very high :
O ! Magnifie his name !

Therefore all honour unto him,
and praises are most due :
The Almighty, wise, Eternal King,
the Holy, Just, and true.

HYMN

H Y M N XXXVI.

GOd of all grace, let's see thy Face,
 being freed from law and Sin :
 These did enslave ; by grace we have
 a *freedom* now within.

The *Law* shan't rise to tyrannize,
 our glory to deface,
 It shall no more on us have pow'r,
 for we are under grace.

O purge our Souls, and do thou rouse
 away our sin and fear :
 Christ's *Blood* it's heart will ease sin's smart,
 and seal a pardon there.

Jehovah Lord, th' Eternal word,
 thou brightest Majesty
 Array'd with bright and dazeling light,
 thou sit'st enthron'd on high.

Thy *Saints* now throw their *Crowns* below
 thy awful throne and Feet,
 And prostrate fall to worship all ;
 for 'tis most just and meet.

Thy glorious light, Majestick Might,
 thou dost with dread reveal :
 Thy gracious ear bow down to pray'r
 . *thou* dost diseases heal.

And thou dost thus walk among us,
 displaying pow'r and love ;
 The *Gospel Charm* (thy stretched Arm)
 doth on these Waters move.

38 *Select Hymns.* Book. I.

Thou worthy art from Lip and Heart,
all Thanks and Praise to have;
All Glôry, Power, (every Hour,)
and Honour to receive.

O ! let us all thy Name extoll,
thy glorious Fame let's raise !
Let *Heavens* sing, let *Earth* forth bring,
and *Seas* roar out thy praise.

Ye Saints that wait at *Zion's* Gate,
sing praise to *Zion's* King,
Hosannas ! *Hallelujahs* all !
still *Hallelujahs* sing !

H Y M N XXXVII.

Believe, O Soul, and thou shalt see
Heav'ns *Dew* on thee distill ;
Mount up thy *Faith*, and thou shalt see
a *greater* Glory still.

Let not thy Unbelief obstruct
Christ's growing Int'rest now ;
Only *believe*, that all unto
his mighty Name might bow.

Upon the *Wing* of *Acts* of *Faith*,
do thou exalt his Name :
Believe his *Glory's* shining bright,
his *Person* is the same.

Believe the World down at his Feet,
and *Zion* glorious made :
We may believe that firmly, which
the God of truth hath said.

Book. I. *Select Hymns.* 39

Believe all Sickneſs ſhall be heal'd ;
O Blind, and ye ſhall ſee ;
Believe, *O Deaf*, and ye ſhall hear ;
O Lame, and ye ſhall flee.

Open the Eye of *Faith*, *O Soul*,
 behold thy glorious *Chriſt* ;
 Who altogether lovely is,
 • as Prophet, King, and Prieſt.

Look Sinners unto *Jeſus*, look
 with an unveiled Face,
 And you ſhall ſee our Lord for you
 fill'd full of Truth and Grace.

Glory and Honour to our Lord !
 let's Honour him by *Faith* ;
 Let's without wavering believe,
 what e're our *Jeſus* ſaith.

H Y M N XXXVIII.

Look unto *Jeſus*, Sinners look,
 if you'd Salvation have ;
 Who's God the Saviour, and none elſe ;
 it's only *he* can ſave.

His *Righteouſneſs* more bright is far
 than Angels Holineſs :
 Our beſt of Doings are but Rags ;
 a poor and tatter'd Dreſs.

Chriſt is our Righteouſneſs and Strength ;
 him Rock and Fortreſs call ;
Chriſt our Redemption, Wiſdom, Peace ;
Chriſt is our all in all.

40 *Select Hymns, Book I.*

Our mighty King, and Captain too,
his *Armies* are abroad :

Be still, O *Zion*; who leads forth
their *Armies*, is thy *God*.

Sing *Hallelujah* unto him :

his Sword is on his Thigh :

To him be Honour and Renown,
and brightest Majesty.

H Y M N XXXIX.

Sing *Hallelujah*! *Zion* sing,
sing your Gods praise in lasting verse:
You who Redeem'd are by his Blood,
in *Zion* now his Acts rehearse.

When you were distant from the Lord,
as wide as Heav'n from Hell doth lie;
He then your Sacrifice became,
and by his *Blood* he brought you nigh.

The *Sword* of *Vengeance* due to you,
he in his bleeding sides receiv'd:
You for eternal Slaughter bound,
(By dying in your stead,) relieve'd.

When that Gods wrath burn'd down to hell
he satisf'd: the Father smil'd:
His *Death* the Enmity destroy'd,
God and the *Sinner* reconcil'd!

Jehovah and his *Rebels* may
in a Christ Crucified meet:

O! let us then throw down our all
at an Almighty Saviours Feet.

God

Book. I. *Select Hymns.* 41

God is come down into the *Camp*,
O let the *Camp* of God be pure ;
That it the burning presence of
the Lord of Hosts may now endure.

Praise waits for thee in *Zion*, Lord,
in *Judah* thy great Name is known ;
There thou the *Gyant* Unbelief,
and Hosts of Sin, hast overthrown.

H Y M N XL.

What fulness of rich glorious Grace,
in *Christ* is to be found !
Look to him Soul ; thou shalt be heal'd
of ev'ry Deadly Wound.

The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
dwell in him Bodily :

In *Jesus* Face the Glory shines
of all the *Diety*.

Believing views of Grace in Christ,
set weary Souls at rest ;
Set free the *Captives*, and relieve
the *Troubled* and *Opprest*.

Make strong the *Weak*, cherish the *Faint*,
make glad the *Mourning* Heart,
Souls Thirst abate, and Hunger break,
eases each deadly smart.

Souls Life create, Sins pow'r destroys,
Lip, Life, and Soul refine ;
They poison *Sin*, by pouring in
the *Gospels* Cordial Wine.

View not the Grace in your own Hearts,
that can't it self uphold:

Seek ye a *risen* Christ above
the try'd approved Gold.

We view our sin that is within,
and our inherent Grace;

And sin the more, yea grow more poor:
let's look to *Jesus* Face.

Hail Mighty *One*, Eternal Son,
the Glass wherein we view

The Fathers shining brightness, and
his glorious Person too.

All *hail* to thee, exalted Prince,
our Husband, Brother, Friend;

To thee all Honour, Glory, Praise,
be Ages without end.

H Y M N XLI.

TH' *Almighty* smil'd upon his *Son*,
When he *our* peace became:
Gods Wrath doth cease, a lasting peace
is made 'tween God and Man.

O! what are we? Eternity
should chuse us when undone;
In its great thoughts we then had room,
else we to Hell had gone.

Electing Love, how didst thou move
to us in our distress?

No Banks can bound, no Line can sound
thee, *Ocean* bottomless.

Our

I. Book I. *Select Hymns.* 43

Our Mounts of *Sin* can't bound thee in,
nor hinder thy proceed:

Like *Jordan*, thou didst overflow
its mighty Banks with speed.

Thus *Heav'n* shall be Eternally,
the Saints Inheritance ;
With Glories Crown'd, for ever drown'd
in Joys Eternal Trance.

Then let us, Lord, with one accord,
Thy Praises Celebrate :
Praise doth for thee, *O glorious Three*,
in thy Mount *Zion* wait.

Let them that be now sav'd by thee,
in Soul and Body too,
To thee repair, God hearing Pray'r
with highest Praises now.

H Y M N XLII.

W^Hat mighty Weight of Glory, Lord,
in *Heav'n* for Saints prepared is !
Rivers of Pleasure, endless Joys,
what boundless *Ocean* of Bliss !

No Sin nor Sorrow enters *there*,
all Tears from Eyes are wip'd away :
No Shade of Darkness, or of Night,
But all a bright Eternal Day.

There we shall see as we are seen,
appearing in *Christ's Glory* too ;
Arrayed with his most shining Robes,
his Face we shall for ever view !

Poor

Poor *Christless Souls*, what will you do ?
 you have no Lot nor Portion here :
 Our pained Bowels yearn for you ;
 O ! come and learn *our Lord* to fear.

Come joyn with us in *Covenant*,
 perpetually to serve the Lord,
 And you shall see your selves in him,
 discharg'd according to his Word.

Once we were dead in Sin, as you,
 but now we are alive in Christ :
 Come you, take him as we have done,
 our glorious Prophet, King and Priest.

We that redeem'd are by his *Blood*,
 from Nations, Kindreds, Blood and
 Let us in *Zion* Praises give (Tongues
 and magnify his Name with Songs.

H Y M N XLIII.

Chrift is the same as e're he was ;
 as full of *Truth* and *Grace* :
 There's the same Pity as e're was :
 in his exalted Face.

As full of *Love* as when at first
 he undertook for us :
 He is a God that changeth not,
 but is for ever thus.

As full of *pity* to poor Souls
 as when he on the Tree
 Did hang, thy bleeding Sacrifice,
 and Vengeance bore for thee.

Sinners,

Sinners he is as able (now
yea, and as willing too)
To save you, as when he at first
did *Grace* proclaim to you.

Come therefore on his Bowels rowl,
behold they yearn for you ;
His Pity and his Mercy be
as boundless as they're true.

Give Honour to *King Jesus*, Saints
honour his Grace and Truth :
This glorious he, a green Fir Tree,
has still the *Dew* of *Youth*.

H Y M N XLIV.

Make good thy Word, O mighty Lord,
to thy beloved *Son* :

Take to his Throne thy holy *One*,
our glorious *Solomon*.

We sigh to see how all things be
ev'n in *Emmanuel's* Land :

The *wicked* mad, the *righteous* sad,
whilst thou with-holdst thy Hand.

This *Morning Star* seems very far,
this *budding* branch to dye ;

This *King* so crown'd to be *debron'd*,
this *Captain* seems to fly.

His purchas'd Crown seems tumbling down
this *Lion* seeks no prey,

Confus'dly hurl'd is this mad World :
sweet *Jesus* haste away.

Arise

46 *Select Hymns.* Book I.

Arise, O *Sun*, with Glory run,
to perfect *noon* break forth :
Make Nations bright, and with thy Light
O ! cover all the Earth.

Great God of Love, send from above
thy new *Jerusalem* :
On *Jesus* Head, cause thou to spread
his sparkling *Diadem*.

Hosanna's ! *Hallelujahs* ring !
our *Jesus* comes apace :
Bow ev'ry Knee ; all Hell shall flee
from th' Terror of his Face,

Flow mighty Hills like Rivers swift,
and Mountains flee away ;
A *Lamb* you'll see a *Lion* be
that riseth to the Prey.

With Glory and exceeding Pow'r
He on the Clouds doth sit ;
The Clouds we see, so black that be
the dust are of his Feet.

H Y M N XLV.

LOrd, when thou from *eternity*
didst see us float in Sins Abyss,
We floated then in thy good will :

O ! was there ever Love like this !

When *vile* and *filthy*, thou to us
didst thine eternal Grace encline ;
When we most hateful were, didst love :

O ! was there ever Love like thine !

Thou

I. Book I. *Select Hymns.* 47.

thou took'st us, tho' thou didst foresee
what odious *Rebels* we would prove,
Malicious, froward, obstinate:

O! was there ever such a *Love*!

Must the *Eternal* swear to us,
through *Faith* we should not glory miss!
Must *Jesus Death* this ratify!

O! was there ever *Love* like this!

Must God engage by *Word* and *Oath*
to make us with his *Grace* to shine,
And give us *Heaven* at the last!

O! was there ever *Love* like thine!

O what is *Heaven*! who can tell?
who can conceive that boundless *Bliss*?
'Tis with *Christ's Glory* to be drest:

O! was there ever *Love* like *this*!

Lord, be'ng amazed with thy *Love*,
we do our admiration raise:
With boundless *Love* astonish'd thus
in our amazements speak thy praise!

O *Hallelujah*, *Glory*, *Pow'r*,
Thanksgiving, *Might* and *Majesty*,
Be now and ever, Lord by us,
and by all thine ascrib'd to thee,

H Y M N

HYMN XLVI.

(On some Verses in Isaiah LIII.)

O Ur Jesus pour'd his Soul to Death,
 & with the Wicked made his grave:
 The Father pleas'd to crush him thus,
 that he thereby might Sinners save.

Therefore he shall prolong his Days,
 until the Day of Judgment's o're;
 Then shall he see his num'rous Seed
 his travelling Soul unto him bore.

In that great Host he shall rejoyce;
 and to his Father with delight
 Present them there, for to remain
 in his and in his Father's Sight.

For he acquitted them from Death,
 and therefore made them to believe
 This was his right to do, because
 he dy'd for them that they might live.

Because he weighty Vengeance bore,
 the Father will devide to him
 A Portion with the great and strong,
 and he shall spoil Death, Hell and Sin.

Blest be Jehovah, among us,
 a Spoil is given him with the strong;
 With Joy we witness that our Lord
 hath had a Portion in this Throng.

We hope his greatest Lot's behind,
 his Death and Sufferings for him plead:
 He that did for poor Sinners dye,
 now ever lives to intercede.

HYMN

H Y M N XLVII.

*A Hymn sung at Mr. B——'s Funeral
Sermon: 1 Cor. 15.*

BLeft are the Dead that dye in Christ,
they triumph over Death:
In falling they do conquer, and
live in their latest Breath.

How in the Chariot of free Grace
the sav'd one triumph does!
And when *Death* strikes him to the Heart,
o're Death he triumphs thus.

O armed *Justice*, what sayst thou?
death hath no *Sting* from thee:
Thou art become my best of Friends,
whom Jesus hath set free.

O Law of God! where are thy Swords
of Threats and sore Demands?
My *Jesus*, Death hath wrested them
out of Death's cruel Hands.

O *Sin*! the bitter *Sing* of Death,
both in its filth and guilt:
My Jesus now destroy'd them quite
by th' Blood that he hath spilt.

Thou cruel Executioner!
vile *Satan*! what sayst thou?

I scorn thy Arts, Threats and Assaults;
thou canst not reach me now.

E

Thou

50 *Select Hymns.* Book. I.

Thou *Conscience* that didst use to smart,
 thou now art fully eas'd,
 The Storm that troubled thee, now is
 eternally appeas'd.

But oh ! poor Sinners what will you
 do, when *Death* comes to give
 The Blow that sends you down to Hell
 without the least reprieve ?

Death's to the good an end of Woe,
 but doth *your* woe begin :
Heav'n's Gate to them, but *Hell's* to you
 that live and dye in Sin.

H Y M N XLVIII.

(On the Second Sermon.)

THo' the dead Bodies of the Saints
 thou dost devouring *Grave* destroy,
 Yet in the last Day they shall rise :
 then *Grave* where is thy *Victory* ?

When *Sea* and *Grave* must them resign,
 and all their Prisons open fly,

To let the Dead in *Christ* rise first :
 then *Grave* where is thy *Victory* ?

Corrupted, droffy Duff and Clay,
 when first they fall the Tombs them
 (have ;

Thence incorruptible they'l rise,
 then where's thy *Victory* O *Grave* ?

Thou

Book. I. *Select Hymns.* 51

Thou dost prepare their Dust to rise,
most glorious Bodies bright and free :
O *Grave* is this the worst thou doest?
then *Grave* where is thy *Victory*?

Thou great *Alembic* dost distil
frail mortal Bodies, that they be
Immortal, glorious, spiritual :
then *Grave* where is thy *Victory*?

True, thou deprivest and deprav'st,
by rotting *Sinners* Carcasses :
For future Woes and Plagues, we grant
thou hast a *Conquest* over these.

H Y M N XLIX.

(*A Paraphrase on Psalm 113.*)

LO what a pleasant lovely Sight,
how full of ravishing Delight,
Is it, that *Children* should agree,
That are of the same Family !

'Tis like the consecrated Oyl,
Rich, precious of a fragrant Smell,
that was divinely pour'd and shed
on the *Higb Priest*'s devoted Head.

That Smelling sweetly did o're-flow
His Garment and his Members too ;
O're ev'ry *Member* it did stream,
and it perfumed every *Hem*.

52 *Select Hymns*, Book I.

Thus the *Communion* of the *Saints*
Perfumes the Body 'n all its Joynts ;
supples & heals, and smoothes each part,
and eases ev'ry deadly Smart.

'Tis like the Dew on *Hermon's* top,
That gave a fruitful smiling Drop ;
and like the Dew on *Zion's* Hill,
that made it green and grassy still.

In *Zion* Blessing's to be had,
Our Hearts rejoyce there, and are glad ;
there glorious Riches are in store,
there's giv'n out *Life* for evermore.

H Y M N L.

O Grace ! recover'd *Sinners* should
than *Adam* happier be ;
Than *Adam* in his best Estate,
more glorious and more free.

Faith views, obeys, loves and enjoys
in Christ, the God of Grace,
Beyond what perfect *Reason* could,
when with its clearest Face.

Eternal Sovereign, reigning *Grace*
does elect *Sinners* lead
Thro' various Rooms, the Courts of Bliss
and Glory for to tread.

First in estate of Happiness,
in upright *Adam* blest,
Fill'd with a perfect natural Bliss ;
but that is not their Rest.

Down

Book. I. *Select Hymns.* 53

Down tumble thence to Sin's Abiss,
as low as Death and Hell ;
That *Grace* in raising them from thence
might boundless Worth reveal.

Rais'd unto *Faith* i'th' Wilderness,
Faith weak, imperfect, faint,
Mixt with Law, Guilt and Unbelief,
with Doubting and Complaint.

Then to the *Canaan* of Faith here,
they pass unto their rest,
Beginning i'th' *New Jerusalem*,
whence Tears and Griefs have ceas'd.

And having judg'd the World with *Christ*,
to Glory have a Call ;
With *Christ* then swallow'd up in God,
and *God* be all in all.

Glory and Praise in *Christ* our Head,
be given unto him,
Who Love eternal this ordain'd
to us when sunk in *Sin*.

H Y M N L I.

Electing Grace by Justice stopt
could not find out a Passage free,
'Till the *Redeemer* stept between,
and that too from Eternity.

The Curtains of *Election* stopt
finds vent in Jesus wounded Sides ;
The boundless Sea of God-like Love
o'reflow'd in those blest purple Tides.

84 *Select Hymns.* Book I.

Grace through the Righteousness of Christ
must *Channels* find, e're the Decree
Of God's electing inf'nite Love,
could perfect and compleated be.

Conscience can ne're be truly eas'd,
until *Attonement* it believes;
Nothing can cure its Wounds, but what
to *Justice* Satisfaction gives.

The Conscience from dead Works alone,
the *Blood* of *Christ* must pacify;
The precious Blood oth' *Lamb* of God
from guilt and filth must set us free.

Hosanna! to the God of Grace,
Hosanna! to the God of Love,
That thro' his wounded pierced Son
proclaim'd such Tydings from above.

H Y M N LII.

THe Gospel does declare
Electing Grace alone,
That's hid in Christ our great *High Priest*
that sits upon the Throne.

Our Christ hath dearly bought
this Grace, and yet 'tis free:
What ever it our Jesus *cost*
'tis free for thee and me.

Electing Love does you,
O chosen ones, embrace:
Whilst millions fall on th' right and left,
ye saved are by *Grace*.

What

What *Grace* is this indeed ?
that vilest, poorest we,
The most polluted *Rebels*, sunk
in deepest Misery,

Should to this high degree
of Honour chosen be,
Vessels of Mercy, to be fill'd
with Love eternally.

Whilst Sinners more refin'd,
more wise, rich, mighty all,
That might have hon'ed *Jesus* more,
are left to sink i'th fall.

What *Grace* distinguishing
to me and thee is this !
That have found out that *Pearl* of Price
which thousands others miss.

That *we* should chosen be,
who might have been as well
Of that forelorn and wretched Troop
that should have march'd to Hell.

When we *Salvation* view
in its Foundation Stone,
We're made to cry together *grace* !
yea *grace* ! free grace alone !

H Y M N LIII.

(A H Y M N sung on a Day of Thanksgiving, set apart by a Church of Christ, to celebrate and praise the Lord for his late Favours and Mercies unto them.)

Exalted Praise in Zion waits,
for him that loves his Zion's Gates ;
His Church he values far more than
the Dwellings of Jerusalem.

There he takes up his resting place ;
there he bestows his glorious Grace :
There Life and Blessings he commands,
and there array'd with Glory stands.

There he his Name and Glory plac'd,
his Footstool hath with Honour grac'd :
And there his mighty Horns do spread,
and's Crown doth flourish on his Head.

His House we are, if we hold fast,
our confidence unto the last,
And firm rejoycing to the end ;
whence still his Blessings down he'll send.

It pleas'd our Lord and Master thus,
to give the Kingdom unto us,
Who are but low and in distress,
while shining in his Comeliness.

When in the trying Season, we
did from his Cause and Banner flee :
And many did with Idols join,
yet thou took'st Pity upon thine.

Though

Book I. *Select Hymns.* 57

Though great's the Blow that did remove
thy *Servant*, whom our Souls did love :
And with fine Wheat had fed us Years,
that we were sunk in grief of Fears.

Yet though the *Ship* was tost in *Storms*,
our sleeping Lord secur'd from harm's
And did a gracious *Message* send,
that we our evil ways amend. *Mr. H.*

Then bone to bone did come again,
through all the *Visionary* Plain :
The scattered Members did agree
to dwell again in *Unity*.

Oh ! boundless Grace that did us know,
when we were scattered, poor and low :
His Mercy doth for e're endure :

Oh ; Love eternal, boundless, sure !

Another *Prophet* came again. *Mr. S.*
with Prophecies a Second time ;
We should return and build God's House,
and he anew would use spouse.

The *Spirit* of our *Jesus* came
with that blest Word, and did enflame
Our Hearts with Zeal and holy Trust,
and made us favour *Zion's* dust.

We rose to build, and Christ rose too ;
his Goodness before us did flow ;
His Glory did descend upon
our Tabernacle, and there shone.

To *Zion* then were great resorts ;
and many flockt unto her Courts :
The golden Gate stood always ope,
then *Achor's* Vally, a door of Hope.

Oh !

58 *Select Hymns.* Book I.

Oh! boundless grace that did us know,
when we were scatter'd, poor and low;
His Mercy doth for e're endure:

Oh! love eternal, boundless sure!

But then a sudden *Cloud* arose,
'tween Christ and us did interpose:
A night comes on, a dawning day:
our *Glory* soon was snatch't away.

Our *Gold* grew on a sudden dim:
our *Crown* of *Glory* fell by sin.
Our *sweet* *Gall* and *Wormwood* turn'd,
and *Zion's* solemn Meetings mourned.

Her *Paths* for the most part untrod,
deserted by an angry God:
Her *Builders* fail; the Work doth cease,
they sliding were to sinful ease.

The *forwardest* began to shrink,
the *bearers* of the Burdens sink:
We spent our Months for to complain:
but then our Lord return'd again.

Oh boundless grace that did us know,
when we were scatter'd, poor and low!
His mercy doth for e're endure:
Oh! love eternal, boundless, sure!

Then our *beloved* came apace
into his *Garden* with his grace,
Upon his *Bride* again to shine;
and brings his *Hony*, *Myrrh* and *Wine*.

He joyful *Messages* doth bring,
makes us of Love and Mercy sing:
Then various Sinners, a great *Train*
are to this *Zion* born again.

Now

Book I. *Select Hymns.* 59

Now Light and Life with Zion's King
come to her, Songs anew they sing:
And Zion's Gates are ope again,
unto her Flock a *numerous* train.

Her *Converts* very bright and fair;
her Stones the beauteous *Saphires* are:
The Lord, their Fellows them above,
hath 'ointed them with Joy and Love.

The Lord doth for our quiet care;
his *Arm* too, for us is made bare:
Though to this day we do provoke,
we murmur and we tempt this *stroak*:

Yet in this *Israel* he don't see.
perverseness or iniquity;
Clad in the *Righteousness* of Christ,
our merciful and great *High Priest*.

We further glory shall behold,
he'll for our Silver give us *Gold*:
We yet shall greater things receive,
if we hold on, and do believe.

Because of all this mighty *Grace*,
at this high *Throne* and resting place,
We meet to offer up this day,
the *Sacrifice* of Thanks and Praise.

To him the God of *Grace* and *Love*,
that sits upon the *Throne* above;
That lives forever, evermore,
we prostrate fall now to adore.

Worthy's the *Lamb* upon the *Throne*.
that once was slain, that once did moan;
All Power, Riches, Strength, to have,
all Honour, Glory, to receive.

60 *Select Hymns.* Book I.

O boundless *Grace* that did us know,
 when we were scatt'ed poor and low!
 His Mercy doth for er'e endure;
 O love *eternal*, boundless, sure!

H Y M N LIV.

L Et's sing the praises of the *Lamb*
 whose Blood has made us bright,
 And whose Obedience to the *Law*
 has made us Perfect white;

Yea, we in him more righteous are,
 then *Adam* er'e could be:
 With an obedience God-like, be
 O bey'd for thee and mee.

The *Law* is fully satisfi'd,
 the *Law* is honoured too;
 Not a *meer* Man, *God-Man* obey'd,
 and that was more than due.

The *Law* of *works* cannot condemn,
 nor ought of us demand;
 We gave full satisfaction to't
 thro' our *Mediators* hand.

We *righteous* are in a *Law*-sense,
 and therefore justifi'd:
 Our *Jesus* risen now doth plead,
 that once obey'd and dy'd.

H Y M N

Select Hymns.

BOOK. II.

H Y M N I.

ALL ye *Seraphic* trains above,
 in silence now remain:
 None can set forth *electing Love*,
 but *Jesus* that was slain.
 The *Fathers* love to sinners is
 so great that none can know;
 Nothing but *Jesus crucified*
 erecting *Love* can show.
 The brightness of *electing grace*
 we no where else can see,
 But in those purple Streams alone
 which *Jesus* bled for me.
 Come

62 *Select Hymns.* Book. II.

Come Sinners come behold what Love
 Christ's bleeding sides did run!
 By faith see Jesus pierc'd for you,
 if you for sin would mourn:
 Your tears like *Mary's* then will flow,
 when *Jesus* wounds you see;
 You will abhor your Selves, and cry
 was *Jesus* pierc'd for me!

H Y M N II.

'**T***is finish't!* cry'd our dying Lord,
 when he hung on the tree:
 O what a pleasant sound indeed
it's finish't is to mee!
Sin, that was finish't on the Cross
 with Christ 'twas crucifi'd;
 Our Lord did make an end of Sin
 when on the Cross he dy'd.
Wrath, it was also finish't too
 upon our Lord, when he
 Did give himself a sacrifice,
 and naild was to the tree.
Yea Righteousness was finish't too,
 and was compleated, when
 Our *Jesus* pour'd forth his Soul
 for us rebellious Men.
'Tis finish't! now before the throne
 Christ's blood doth pleading cry:
'Tis finish't! in the Conscience too,
 it soundeth pleasantly.

'*Tis*

'Tis *finis*! is a joyful sound;
 what tongue can silent bee;
 Raptures of praise let's sing allways
 our *Jesus* unto thee,

H Y M N III.

O! thou art *fair* my Love, I Say
 there is no Spot in thee:
 Not only fair, but *all* fair too,
 no spot in thee I See.

Whose *voice* is this I hear so Sweet?
 'tis my *beloved's* sure,
 That tells me I am now so fair,
 so spotless, and so pure.

My *love* tis I that tell thee so,
 'tis thy *beloved's* voice
 That tells thee thou art now so fair,
 that thou mayst now rejoyce

What did he say, I *now* am fair?
 alas! how can it be?
 That I that nothing am but spots,
 should *now* so spotless be?

Sure he doth mean, I *shall* be so,
 not that I *now* am fair:
 Can such a vile polluted wretch
 without a spot appear?

O stay my love and heark to me,
 I say, thou art fair *now*;
 O stay thy reasoning a while,
 and I will tell thee *how*.

64 *Select Hymns, Book II.*

My love, 'tis I have made thee so
 my *bloud* has made thee white;
 My *righteousness* hath thee array'd,
 and made thee dazzling bright.

In my body once did bear
 thy Sins upon the tree,
 My standing in thy room and stead
 hath made thee spotless be.

O my *beloved*; hold thy peace,
 thy love transporting is:

O stay me, I'am sick of love;

O! what a love is this!

What finite Wisdom can conceive?

what pen or tongue can show

The vast demensions of his love
 that in these *streams* did flow.

I mean those bleeding purple *streams*
 that from *Christ's* sides did run,

There you may see the love of three;
 and yet those three are *one*.

H Y M N IV.

R Ejoyce, ye Saints, in praises high
 your *robes* are fair and white:

The *Lamb* presents you evermore
 to th' Father with delight.

Sing therefore ye redeemed ones,
 his praises let us show.

That with his *bloud* hath made us white,
 yea whiter than the snow.

What

BOOK. II. *Select Hymns.* 65

What *love*, our lovely Lord is this
that in thy blood doth shine!

Let's evermore thy love adore :
no love was er'e like *thine*.

By faith let's take a turn about
our *bleeding* Lord, and see
What love his bleeding sides did run
when he hung on the tree.

Let *Cherubins* and *Seraphins*
that now are round the throne,
Salvation sing unto the *Lamb*
that worthy is alone.

H Y M N V.

O ur *Surety* from Eternity,
engag'd himself to pay
Our debts to th' Father to the full
at the appointed Day.

The Father took our *Surety's* word,
and therefore did set free
Those Saints that dy'd before our Lord
did hang upon the tree.

They were to glory also gone,
and there were happy made,
Before our Lord had of their debts
the *actual* payment paid.

But now in Gospel days we do
the glorious Mys'try see ;
That all our debts to th' full were paid
when *Christ* hung on the tree.

66 *Select Hymns.* Book II.

We need no Sacrifices bring,
but th' Sacrifice of Praise,
In Songs of triumph we may spend
our now remaining Days.

For sure it will not now be long,
e're we our Lord shall see ;
And evermore our Lord adore,
when we with him shall be.

H Y M N VI.

WE thro' the Law of life in *Christ*
from *Moses* are set free ;
And being dead to th' Law, we live
that *grace* might honour'd be.

We cease to work for *Life*, yet work
as if wee life should gain :

We work not 'cause the Law commands,
Christ's love doth us constrain.

We're drawn to work by th' Law of love
which gently doth constrain ,

This makes our service a delight,
our labour without pain

Constraining grace does set's a work,
not Conscience rage and pain :

We do not work 'cause *Moses* bids,
but 'cause the *Lamb* is Slain.

O Sinners ! would you work aright ?
come unto *Jesus* then,

Who hath oth' Father gifts receiv'd
for us rebellious Men.

There's

Book II. *Select Hymns.* 67

Ther's life and strength in *Christ* alone
which *Moses* cannot give ;
Which to the *Law* will make you dead
that you to God may *live*.

H Y M N VII.

Come, let us triumph in the *Lamb*
our Lord that once did dye :
We that believe in *Jesus* may.
have everlasting Joy.

Come *Law* of God, what hast thou now
of us for to demand ?

Thy Curses all did meet on *Christ*,
that did our Surety stand.

Tho' we do Sin thou canst not curse,
thy Curses all did lye

Upon our bleeding Lord, when *he*
our Sacrifice did dye.

Come, *Justice*, where is now thy *Charge* ?
what hast thou now to show ?

We do to thee present the blood
that from *Christ's* Sides did flow

Thine Arrows all did meet on *him*,
when nailed to the Tree :

Our Lord himself he did become
a Sacrifice to thee.

Vile *Satan*, where are now thy *bills* :
our Sins cannot be found,

The God-like *Garment* of our Lord
completely wraps us round.

68 *Select Hymns.* Book II.

O *Hallelujah* to the *Lamb*
that hath now set us free :
Our Crowns we throw thy feet below,
and give the praise to thee.

H Y M N VIII.

What *meaneth* this tumultuous noise
that in the *Nations* be ?

The *Lamb* is hastning to his Throne,
we in these *Clouds* may see.

His *Chariot wheels* do come apace ;
he's hastning on his way :

Come quickly our *Beloved*, come,
sweet *Jesus* don't delay.

Hast, be thou like a Roe or Hart
that on the Mountains be,
Until the Day doth clearly break,
and all the Shadows fle.

Thy *Love-sick Spouse*, Lord knows not how
thy absence thus to bear :

Thy presence most delightful is,
thou art to us most dear.

O ! therefore hast our lovely Lord ;
we long thy face to see :

Come swiftly like a Roe or Hart
that on the Mountains be.

H Y M N

H Y M N IX.

ALL the *Seraphic* trains above
are stooping down below,
To learn o'th' *Church* that Mystery
past Ages did not know.

But now the *Vail* is rent in twain,
the Mys'try is unfold ;
Justice and Mercy reconcil'd
we now by *Faith* behold.

We now in Gospel Days may go
into the *Holy Place* :
We in a *bleeding Jesus* see
Gods reconciled face.

Our *Sins* past, present, and to come
are new all covered o'er
I'th *Ocean* of our *Saviours* blood
where they shall rise no more.

To God in our own *Nature*, we
in Gospel Days do go :
Mount *Sinai's* Saints did little of
these glorious Mys'tries know.

These Mysteries from Ages past
within the *Vail* were pent ;
But when our Lord hung on the *Cross*,
the *Vail* in twain was rent.

Now glorious Grace unveiled is
and in *Christ's* face doth shine ;
There drink may we abundantly
of well refined Wine.

H Y M N

H Y M N X.

TO him the *Lamb* upon the Throne,
 whose *Flesh* the Godhead fills
 And all its Rayes are there display'd,
 in whom all fulness dwells.

To him that wash't us in his blood,
 let's praise and honour Sing :
 Let us adore, and Magnify
 our great exalted King.

Come ye redeemed ones, sound forth
 new songs of praise unto
 Him that hath wash't you from your Sins,
 and made you white as Snow :

And now in *Robes* most richly wrought,
 we to the King are brought,
 Supposing Angels, that have not
 a Robe so Richly wrought.

We therefore throw our *Crowns* below
 that awful Seat and Throne;
 Singing the *Lamb's* new Song, and say,
 thou worthy art alone,

All praise and honour for to have
 by us for evermore
 Sing therefore praises to the *Lamb*,
 and Sing forevermore.

H Y M N

H Y M N XI.

Come Sing, O ye redeemed ones,
to th' *Lamb* upon the Throne:
Sound forth the praises of the *Lamb*
the *Fathers* holy *One*.

O! take a turn by Faith about
the *bleeding* *Lamb* of God,
O! See him crying out under
his *Fathers* heavy Rod.

O! see him wounded for your Sins :
behold your bleeding *Lord*
Recieving in his bleeding Sides,
the *Fathers* flaming Sword.

Look to your *pierced* *Lord*, ye *Saints*,
then you indeed shall mourn,
As one that weepeth bitterly
as for an only Son.

Behold, what Streams of *Love* did flow
thus from your *pierced* *Lord*,
When that the *Father* did against
his *fellow* wake his Sword.

Which gave the reconciling blow
(O here was love indeed!)

On him the Victim of our peace
and we thereby were freed.

H Y M N

H Y M N XII.

Come let's our dearest *Jesus* view,
 that for our *Sins* was Slain;
 And gave himself for us, that we
 might with him ever Reign.

Our dearest *Jesus*, if a *raff*
 of love be here so *sweet*,
 What will it be when we shall with
 our dear *beloved* meet!

If now and then a *Smile* from thee
 be *sweet* that's quickly gone;
 What will the right of *Vision* be
 that *never* shall be done!

If we are taken to the *Mount*
 one *moment* while below,
 If thou the *Vail* dost draw aside,
 and us thy *Glory* show;

We then cry out we're Sick of love,
 and with thee long to be;
 O then, how shall we burn with Love
 when *face to face* we See!

When Clouds shall interpose no more,
 no *Vail* shall be between;
 But wee our dearest *Lord* shall see
 as wee our selves are seen.

And we as reigning Kings and Priests,
 shall *Hallelujah* sing
 Not ever to the reigning Lamb
 our now exalted King.

Book II. *Select Hymns*, 73

O now let's Sing the Lambs new Song
and also him adore :

The Day is coming we shall be
with him forevermore.

H Y M N XIII.

How beautiful upon the Mount
are they that *peace* Proclaim,
That unto *Rebels* after *Grace*
in their great Masters name ;

That unto *Captives* do declare
glad tidings, and do tell
To Sinners ther's a *ransom* found
to save their Souls from Hell !

Such joy ful tydings do bow down
stout sturdy *Rebels*, and
Such love and grace doth Sinners make
in admiration Stand.

Mount *Sinai's* fiery Law won't break
a heart that's like a Stone ;
It's *flaming* 'Arrows at the Walls
of *Brass* in vain are thrown.

'Tis only *pardon* that doth melt,
and *Love* does Sinners draw ;
'Tis *grace* doth quench the thirst of sin,
and not the threats oth' *Law*.

What mean such then that Terrors preach,
and *Sin ai's* Law proclaim ?
Since 'tis not *Sinai's* fiery dart,
will quench *Sins* rage and flame.

74 *Select Hymns.* Book. II.

The Message they are sent withall
that in *Christ's* name do go,
It is to offer *pard'ning* Grace,
to *Sinners* while they'r so.

H Y M N XIV.

Rise *Zion*, Shine, thy *Light* is come
the glorious *Day's* begun :
These Beams wee see so bright that be,
dart from the glorious *Sun*

Of *righteousness*, that rising is :
the *Day* doth dawn apace ;
The Songs of praise we hear adays
of *Christ* and his free Grace.

Are tokens plain the *Lamb* once Slain,
is hastning to his Throne :
The *Bride* doth say, come *hast* away
my dear beloved One.

The *Saints* rejoyce ; the *Turtles* voice
is heard within our Land :
The *Hundred forty four thousand*
do on mount *Zion* stand.

And there they Sing to *Christ* their *King*
their Songs in such a strain,
That there are none but those alone
for whom the *Lamb* was *Slain*,

Can learn the Songs the *Saints* do Sing :
the Song of *Moses* now
Is laid aside by the *Lambs* *Bride*
'cause 'tis a note too low.

Ye

Book II. *Select Hymns.* 75

Ye taught ones of the Lord, Sing praise
to th' *Lamb* the throne upon ;

'Tis only *be* taught you and me
to Sing the *Lamb's* new Song.

H Y M N XV.

O My *Dave*, that art in the Clefts
within the Rocks that be,
And in the *Secret* place oth' stairs,
where thou no Light canst see ;

Tho' thou art in the *dark*, yet I
thy Countenance would see,
For it is *comely*, and thy Voice
most *pleasant* unto me.

Give me therefore one look of *Faith*,
my Sister, and my Bride,
My Love, my Dove, my fair One, that
within the Rocks resid'st.

My Love, my Undeiled one,
tho' in the Clefts thou art,
And in the *dark*, one Act of Faith
will steal away my heart.

O ! do not think my heart is *chang'd* ;
I am not like to thee :
I lov'd thee so, I dy'd for Love,
when *thou* did'st not love me.

O hark my Soul ! whose Voice is this
that sounds so pleasantly !
It is my *Jesús*, that did once
for such a *Rebel* dye.

76 *Select Hymns.* Book II.

O *Unbelief!* thou Enemy
what stories didst thou tell?
What *Message* didst thou bring to me,
was it not fram'd in Hell?

My *Jesus* that did bleed for me
when I a Rebel was,
His Heart's the *same* to me, as when
he hung upon the *Cross*.

H Y M N XVI.

THy Names, O *Jesus!* pleasant are,
like Oyntment pou'ed forth:
It is by *Christ* alone, that we
diliv'red are from Wrath.

Jesus, his Name is called, and
it hath a pleasant sound;
'Cause he doth save us from our Sins,
and our 'Rebellions drown'd.

His name the *Lord* our *Righteousness*;
that hath a pleasant sound;
That *Garment* covers all our Spots,
that *Robe* does wrap us round.

His Name our *Advocate*, also
that soundeth pleasantly;
'Cause he doth live to Intercede
that once for us did dye.

His Name our *Passover*, also
that Sacrificed was,
Is pleasant, 'cause his Blood be'ng seen
Justice doth ore us pass

Like

Like pretious Oyntment also is
his Name, a *Stone* that's try'd;
A *pretious Stone*: thus *Jesus* is
that for poor Sinners dy'd.

H Y M N XVII.

O *Worthy* is the *Lamb* of *God*
to be exalted in
The hearts of the Redeemed ones,
'cause he saves them from *Sin*.
His *Righteousness* reveal'd unto
the Soul, doth *Sin* destroy,
And *Jesus* death i'th' *Conscience* is
Sin's death immediately.
When *Christ* within the Soul (where *Sin*
did Reign) his *Grace* displays;
Pardoning *Grace* doth *Sin* displace,
by its' bright glorious Rayes.
This Glorious *Son* doth rule, among
(by *Righteousness*,) his Foes;
This *Lamb* that's Slain destroys *Sin's* reign
and all that him oppose.
O *Grace*! : *ich* glorious *Grace* indeed!
must *Jesus* death destroy
My *Lust's* and *Sin* that reign within?
O *Grace* reign gloriously.

H Y M N XVIII.

IN *Christ* we *Sin* do overcome ;
 such fights do *Sin* destroy :
 Pardoning *Grace* in *Jesus Face*
 doth fill the Soul with Joy.

These fights of *Sin* that we see in
 the *Blood* of *Christ*, doth give
 New strength unto the Soul to go
 to *Christ*, and so to live.

By th' life of him that conquer'd *Sin*,
 and did the *Vict'ry* gain :
 Therefore away, and do not stay,
 to th' *Lamb* that once was Slain.

Thus *Christ* reveal'd the Conscience in,
 destroy'd the Pow'r and Throne
 Of *Sin*, that had Usurp'r within,
 where *Christ* should re^{gn} alone.

Come Saints, go forth with Courage then,
 your *Lord* hath got the Day ;
 And *Sin* hath slain, that *Grace* might reign
 within your Souls allway.

H Y M N XIX.

BRight burning Beams of Gospel grace
 haſt *Lord* for to diſplay,
 For to burn up in all thy Saints
 their *Stubble*, *Whod*, and *Hay*.

Break

Book II. *Select Hymns.* 79

Break forth, O *Sun of Righteousness!*
unto the perfect Day;

Hast holy *one* unto thy Throne,
our *Jesus* hast away.

But O! who may abide that day
when *Zion's* King shall reign?
Who may abide when he the pride
of all proud *Flesh* will stain?

Tremble ye *careless* ones that are
at ease in *Zion*, and
Wonder, and stay because that Day
is very *near* at Hand.

It now doth dawn, this glorious *Morn*
beginning is t' appear;
What meaneth else these lowings, and
these bleatings we do hear?

Mhe *Saints* do sing to *Christ* their King,
whilst *others* rage with Pain
Because o'th' bright, and dazeling Light,
o'th' *Lamb* that once was slain.

Redeemed ones Sing praises, for
this *Fire's* but to try
Away your *Dross*, that by it's loss
Christ may you purify.

H Y M N XX.

THe *Lamb* of God is *Zion's* King;
in *Righteousness* he reigns:
Sing praises therefore, all ye *Isles*
sound forth *Triumphant* Strains.

80 *Select Hymns.* Book II.

O Isles break forth in praises high,
your *Crowned* King doth reign
Both King of Heaven, Earth, and Hell,
because he once was *slain*.

He reigns in Heave'n gloriously :
to th' *Lamb*, *Salvation* !
Is founded forth continually
by th' *Angels* round the Throne.

This *Lamb* doth also reign on Earth :
the *Saints* do praises Sing ;
The Isles do sound the praises of
Zions exalted *King*.

The *Hay*, and *Stubble* of the Saints
Consum'd shall be away,
When this bright *Sun* of Righteousness,
breaks forth, to perfect Day.

O *Hallelujah* ! let the Isles
Sing unto *Zions* King ;
That unto them, *Salvation*,
through Righteousness doth bring.

H Y M N XXI.

Come Saints, and view *Eternal Love*
in its bright glorious reign ;
O see its rayes, and bright displayes
'ith *Lamb* when he was slain.

The deluge of electing Grace
was broken up indeed,
And like an Ocean did run
through *Christ*, when he did bleed.
Infinite,

Book II. *Select Hymns.* 81

Infinite, true, almighty too,
Grace then appear'd to be ;
By conquering *Law*, *Hell*, and *Sin*,
when Christ hung on the Tree.

Mount *Sinai's* fiery Curses all
came Smoking on our Lord,
But *Grace*,s reign the Curse hath slain,
and snatch't away the *Sword*

Of Justice, that so bright did Flame,
no Sinner might come Nigh :
But *Grace* did ope' the heart of Christ,
and quench't it presently.

Like *Sampson's* Cords, our Sins did bind
our *Jesus* to the Tree :
Ent *Grace* like Fire, consum'd them all,
and set our *Sampson* free.

O Silence men, and Angels too !
what *Grace* is, none can tell ;
Nothing but *Jesus Blood* can Speak
Electing Language well.

H Y M N XXII.

Come let us praise *Electing Grace* ;
that chose us when undone,
That did delight to make us bright,
and therefore gave his Son

To spill his precious God-like Blood,
to purge us from all stain ;
And make us *Kings*, and *Priests*, to God,
that we might with him reign.

How

82 *Select Hymns.* Book II.

How did *Electing Love* display ?

it's royal Scepter in

The Blood of Christ, our great high Priest
when he *Atton'd* for Sin !

Oh Grace, rich, glorious, Grace indeed !
that delug'd forth so free (ran

Through those bright Purple streams that
from *Christ* when on the Tree.

Come Saints, and view your *pierced* Lord
that you may mourn indeed :

Oh ! see what *streams* of *Love* did flow
through Christ when he did bleed.

Then you asham'd shall be, and loath
your selves for what you 've' done ;
Beholding th' Father reconcil'd
to you, through's only Son.

And *Sinners*, if you'd mourn aright,
look to the *Lamb* that's slain ;

Where e're for Mourning else you look,
your *looking* is in vain.

H Y M N XXIII.

THe Lord doth *Zion* found ;
her building must be strong :
Jehovah is her righteousness,
God's her Salvation.

The Lord her *stones* bath layd
in Colours that are fair :
And her foundations also
of polish't *Saphirs* are.

Jerusalem

Jerusalem is built
with Towers all around :
We'll tell the Nations Messengers
the Lord doth *Zion* found.

God in her Palaces
is known a refuge strong :
A Cup shall she of trembling be
the Nations among.

All that against her fight,
weary themselves in vain ;
For in mount *Zion* gloriously
King *Jesus* he doth reign.

Therefore in *Judahs* Land
we have this pleasant Song :
We have a City very sure,
God's bene-Salvation.

No violence shall more
be heard at all in thee :
The Sons of those that did oppose
shall bending Suppliants be.

They that despis'd thee too,
shall as thy feet bow down,
And call thee by *Jehovahs* name
because of thy renown.

The Sun shall be no more
by Day to thee a light ;
Jehovah he thy light shall be
thy God thy glory bright.

Thou in *Jehovahs* Hand
shall be a precious gem ;
Yea, thou shalt be eternally
a royal Diadem.

Forfaken

Forfaken thou shalt not
 at all forever be ;
 Because *Jehovab* doth rejoyce,
 thy God doth joy in thee.

Therefore the Nations all
 shall smitten be with fear,
 Because *Jehovab-Shammab* is
 her name, *the Lord is there.*

H Y M N XXIV.

WHat ails the *Nations* angry be ?
 what noise is this we hear ?

The *Gospel* takes away their *Gods*
 and that they cannot bear.

The exaltation of the *Lamb*,
 whose glory's shining forth,
 Hath these tumultuous noises made,
 and made the people wrath.

The *Saints* begin to speak in such
 an *evangelick* strain ;

The Conscience of the *Pharisee*
 it fills with rage and pain.

The *Hundred forty four thousand*
 in such a strain do sing,

That none but the *redeemed* ones
 can touch upon that String.

The *work-monger* he wonders why
 the *Saints* do always Sing,

And cannot bear their triumph 'cause
 it doth his Conscience sting.

Come

Book II. *Select Hymns.* 85

Come Saints strike up your Songs of Praise
 tho' Men and Devils joyn,
 The *Scribe* and *Pharisee* also
 together do combine.

It's all in vain, the *Lamb* is slain,
 and lives for ever more :
 We therefore Sing unto our *King*
 and always him *adore*.

H Y M N XXV.

Sinners are sav'd alone by *Grace*,
 and *Works* excluded be ;
 Come Sinner therefore come to *Christ*
 his *Robes* will cover thee.

Thou need'st not bring *Price* in thy Hands,
 thy *Works* must not come in ;
 Christ's *Robe* alone will hide thy *Spots*
 and cover all thy *Sin*.

What tho' thy *Sins* be very great,
 and of the deepest dye ?
 There is no perishing for thee
 if thou to *Jesus* fly.

Sinners, have you a mind to *Christ*,
 to make a match with him ?
 Come then, tho' nothing in your selves
 ye have but *Lusts* and *Sin*.

God in the Gospel offers *Grace*
 to th' worst of Sinners still ;
 His Royal *Proclamation* is
 that *whoever* will.

H

Let

86 *Select Hymns.* Book. II.

Let him come drink of *pard'ning Grace*
to quench Sins fiery rage :

Come tast how gracious he is
this will your thirst asswage.

And when you see God reconcil'd
you'l see your Sins *aright* :

Free Grace will make *Sin* to appear
more *odious* in your sight.

H Y M N XXVI.

O God of grace ! In Jesus Face
we see thee reconcil'd,
Thy wrath *him* broke, *he* bore the stroke,
on us our Father smil'd.

What *boundless* Love's the Father's Love!
no Tongue can it express;
No Angel can this mystery scan
to *Sinners* in distress.

What strange prodigious thing is this,
(we can't conceiv't aright)
That *God* should bruise his only *Son*
to do his Justice right !

O what is *Sin* ! There's none can tell
but God that's infinite ;
That God was pleas'd to crush his Son
that was his Souls delight.

How stor'd with Love's the Heart of Christ
to *Sinners* here below ;
That he should thus degrade himself,
and vengeance undergo !

How

Book II. *Select Hymns.* 87

How large with *Love's* the Heart of Christ!

his Soul was straitened

'Till he had layd the Ransome down
and all was finished.

What ready way to'th' Father now
is made by *Jesus Christ*!

Continually he's on the Throne
our interceeding *Priest*.

Therefore do we continually
from time to time again,
Ascribe always, Blessing and Praise
for evermore, *Amen*.

H Y M N XXVII.

Our *Jesus* is that tender Plant
that springs from highest ground:
Tho' *Adam's* dead, *Christ* is our Head;
in whom our *Fruit* is found.

Our *Jesus* is a green *Fir Tree*;
come let's sit down, and rest,
Under his shade: How pleasant is
his *Fruit* unto our Taste!

How pleasant is his *shade* to us!
he always us relieves;
His *Fruit* doth shelter, wrap us round,
not like to *Adams* Leaves.

Come! This is not forbidden Fruit,
no, no, you need nor fear:
'Tis *Jesus* that doth bid you eat:
the *Serpent* is not here.

Book II. *Select Hymns*, 88

Our *Jesus* is our *Green Fir Tree*,
in *him* our *Fruit* is seen ;
In *him* our *Fruit* doth ne're decay,
in *him* we're always green.

The Wind that bloweth where it lifts,
doth now begin to blow ;
Hark ! How the South Wind shakes the
and makes it fall below. (*Fruit*

Poor *Sinners* now begin to see
the beauty of the *Plant* ;
They see in him, laid up for them
what ever they do want.

Hark Saints ! What *Sinners* say of him
how they are by him mov'd :
As th' *Apple Tree* among the *Trees*
so is our dear *Belov'd*.

Oh *Sinners* ! Tell us what you ail'd ;
what makes you thus to cry ?
Our *Jesus* in not us'd to be
so pleasant in your Eye.

He's brought us to his *Banquet House*,
to *Grace* he's brought us too ;
His *Banner* over us was *Love* :
We know not what to do.

The *Love* of *Jesus* is so strong,
our Heart, our Bowels move :
Stay us with *Flaggons* our *Belov'd* ;
we're sick of *Love*, of *Love*.

Bles't be the *Lamb* for ever more,
the *Lamb* upon the *Throne* :
Of Blessed be our green *Fir Tree*
in whom's our *Fruit* alone.

H Y M N

H Y M N XXVIII.

How *reigning* Grace began to reign
from all Eternity ?

And we the Subjects must be made
of it ; why *we* ? Oh why !

Who was before *Eternity*
to hinder *Grace* to reign,
Or hinder God to send his Son
us to redeem again ?

Who spoke one word when *Jesus* said
I come to do thy Will ?

Who him oppos'd when he came down
his God-like Blood to spill ?

When thus our *Jesus* came on Earth
to dye, who hindred him ?

Tho' *Men* and *Devils* all did cry
away, away with him.

Indeed when *Death* took hold of him
the *Grace* it brought him to,
Two days it held him in its bonds
the *Third*, it let him go :

Oh! How did Men, and *Devils* strive
to get his Body Dead ?

The *Devil* bruising of his *Heel*
bath got a broken *Head*.

Tho' Men his Bloody Murtherers
who did him crucifie,

Who with the Spear did pierce his side,
yet they were sav'd thereby.

90 *Select Hymns.* Book II.

Oh *Law* of sin ! What hast thou got ?

O *Satan* ! what hast thou ?

Free reigning Grace through Righteous-
was glorify'd by you. (ness

Altho' we fell as low as Hell

from thence we are made free:

He broke the Barrs of Death and Hell,
and thus escap't are we.

Sinners its but a folly then

to turn away your Face,

You'l certainly be overcome,

if once you deal with *Grace*.

Who'l hinder then when Jesus Calls ?

what *Devil* will be there

That can us hinder, when we Mount

to meet the Lord ith' Air ?

Let's sing to th' Honour of his Grace

by which with Christ we reign,

When Jesus comes the *second* time

we'l rise, and sing again.

H Y M N XXIX.

O Wounding commendation !

God did commend his *only* Son,

That we might reconciled be,

and thro' his *wounds* made nigh to thee

Thou wicked Rebel was the Man,

which caus'd the Sword, which Justice ran

Into his Godlike-side, to miss

thine *own*, and pointed be at *his*.

Put

But Love to *us* did make him cry,
while in this bitter *Agony*
I am to be Baptiz'd for some,
oh how I long to see it done !

Oh love ! Oh *Lamb* ! we've seen thee bleed,
our Pardons in thy wounds we read,
And on thy Heart *Love* ! *Love* ! we spy
in Characters of purple dye.

Oh Love ! Oh Grace ! Oh boundless Love !
'twas *it* that did our Jesus move :
And *Love* will draw, *Grace* will constrain
to Love our loving Lord again.

Amazing, melting, wounding Love !
attracting, blazing from above ;
Amazing love our Souls does drown'd
they'r scarcely in our Bodies found.

Oh ! Let's lift up our dazled Eyes
to this amazing *Sacrifice* :
The *Lamb* once slain is now above,
and cloathed with *Eternal Love*.

Honour, and glory, and renown
be to the *Lamb* upon the Throne,
That once did dye, that once was slain
that we might with him ever reign.

H Y M N XXX.

BEhold th' *Atonement's* offred now,
the *Priest* with *Blood* is gone
In th' Holy place, and there appears
to keep possession.

Hark

92 *Select Hymns.* Book II.

Hark ! How the *Jubile* Trumpet sounds,
which doth to us proclaim,
We can't sell our Inheritance,
it comes to us again.

The Lot of our Inheritance
is ours, and most secure;
The *Testament* is writ, and seal'd
with *Blood* of *Jesus* sure.

You that have sold your Heritage
for Want, or Poverty,
Come to your Lands, they'r not your own
this is the *Jubile* cry.

Ye Captive Bond-slaves, come away,
That sold your selves for nought ;
The *Jubile* sounds, ye are set free,
ye're not your own, ye're bought.

Honour and glory be to him
who doth for us appear ;
Let's always sing, and rest in him ;
this is the *Jubile* year.

H Y M N XXXI.

O Boundless, boundless *Love* !
our Father did commend,
Which in himself was found alone
did not on us depend.

O *Independent Love* !
Oh rich electing *Grace* !
Which was hid in our *Fathers Heart*,
seen in our *Jesus Face*.

Oh

Oh Love unchangable !

Oh Grace to such as we !

Which no respect to persons had,
tho' we polluted be.

What kind of Love is *this*
which through our Jesus flows !

Thus boundless Love God from above
to us vile Rebels shows.

O Love ! Eternal Love !

who can thy Bands unty ?

The sacred Dove says we are lov'd
to all Eternity.

We shall rest in this Love

Where're we come or go :

His Mercies sure, do yet endure ;
let the redeem'd say so

Alluring Love indeed !

when we are brought so nigh

To thrust our hands in Jesus wounds
our *Fathers* love to spy.

Oh Soul amazing Love !

who melts our Hearts indeed :

Oh ! Our *beloved* we are sick
thy Love does so exceed.

Oh *melting* Love indeed !

Oh *bleeding* Love ! Oh Grace !

Love's broken through our Jesus sides :
each drop of Blood cries *Peace*.

Where is that stony Heart

that will forbear to break ;

If hardned we should silent be

sure *Rocks* would melt, and speak.

We

We love to hear of Love,
because he's loving bin,
And this did *dearly* manifest
in blotting out our *Sin*.

Oh Love ! Alluring Love
Oh *melting* Love indeed !
Oh Love ! returning Love ! we'l come
we'l follow thee with speed.

H Y M N XXXII.

Here's a *Physician* indeed !
his *Life* he layeth down,
His *Hearts Blood* he hath poured forth
to heal his Patients wound.

He knows the Sinners sickness, that
comes to him for relief;
He knows all our infirmities,
for he hath born our grief.

What love like this ! What love like this !
nothing can do us good,
Nothing can heal us of our *Wounds*
but our *Physicians Blood*.

To cure sinners sicknesses,
must the *Physician* Bleed ?
Must our *Physician's* hearts-blood run ?
Oh *Bloody* cure indeed !

Look Sinners, don't you *Jesus* see
turning himself about ?
Saying, who is't that toucheth me ?
for vertue is gone out.

You

Book II. *Select Hymns.* 95

You that have toucht his *Robes* to day
cry out, 'tis me, 'tis me :

Behold ! He saith, *be of good Cheer*
thy Sins forgiven be.

Let's praise our great *Physician* then
who thus for Sinners stood :

Who writ our Pardons by his *Death*,
and seal'd them with his *Blood*.

H Y M N XXXIII.

Who shall ascend the *Hill of Faith*,
the Holy Hill of *God* ?

Who shall be worthy there to stand,
and there to have abode ?

It shall be he, says *Justice* then,
whose Heart and Hand is pure :

He shall ascend on high, yea, and
receive the Blessing sure.

Lift up you Heads, says *Jesus* then,
ye everlasting Doors

Stand open wide for me and mine
for I have payd their scores :

Whatever thou requir'st of them
I have it here to pay.

Lit up the Doors, 'till enter in,
come lift them up, I say.

Who is that *King*, says *Justice* then ?
who is't that is so bold ?

No *Sin* shall ever enter in,
that I'm resolv'd of Old.

96 *Select Hymns.* Book II.

It is *King Jesus*, then saith *Grace*,
of Heav'n and Earth the Lord ;
Yet freely gave his God-like Breast
unto thy flaming Sword.

'Tis he of whom thou didst require
his Blood, yea hadst thy fill,
And now demands Possession,
for his, of *Zions Hill*.

Is this the *King* ? He shall come in :
let *Justice Mercy* kiss,
Now I am fully satisfied,
il'e plead for him, and his.

The *Voice* cries not a second time
to *Sinner* yet in Sin,
Be lifted up ye *Doors*, and let
the *King* of glory in.

Who is that *King* of *Glory* great ?
the *Sinner's Heart* replies :
Who's this that speaks with such command
saying, ye *Doors* arise ?

Its thy related *Lord*, and *King*,
which once was slain for thee,
And now is rose again, and cries,
my *Sister* ope' to me.

Must I stand knocking here without ?
what stony heart hast thou
To let me waiting be, until
my *Head* is fill'd with *Dew* ?

Il'e put my *Finger* at the *Door*,
il'e stand no more without :
Now I am in, il'e tell my *Queen*
thy *Sins* i've blotted out.

This

This *King of Glory* let's exalt
 who is ascended high ;
 By whose ascension we shall have
 or'e Death the Victory.

H Y M N XXXIV.

When we were far estrang'd from God,
 and cast out of his sight ;
 God plac'd the *Flaming Sword* o'th' *Law*
 to guard the Tree of Life.

But *Jesus* being one of us,
 and of the seed of Man ;
 To get Eternall life for us
 upon the *Sword* he ran.

Awake, O *Sword* ! thus saith the Lord,
 against the Man like me ;
 If thou wilt take Eternal Life
 thy *Heart's Blood* I must see.

Thus *Jesus* did receive the blow
 into his glorious *Side* :
 His Wounds and Blood have interpos'd
 our Enmity so wide.

The Gates of Heav'n are op'ned wide
 now Sinners may come in,
 For God to them is reconcil'd
 all by the *Blood* of him.

The Sinner reconciled too
 by *Grace* must be intic't ;
 For God to them is reconcil'd,
 all by the *Blood* of *Christ*.

98 *Select Hymns.* Book. II.

Come forth, ye Prisoners of Hope,
come forth, be not afraid ;
The Blood of Christ has made you right,
and all your Debts hath payd.

Hark ! Hark ! what God the Father says,
the Sinner to entice ;

Peace, Peace to them that are far off,
all by the *Blood of Christ*.

Hark ! how the *Blood of Christ* cries Peace
i'th' Sinners Conscience too ;

When all your works will bring no Peace
the *Blood of Christ* will do.

What tho' the Sinner be far off
by his rebellious Sin,

The place where *Jesus Blood* came out
the sinner may come in.

Honour to him, who unto God
hath made us *Kings and Priests*,
We once far off, are now made nigh
by th' *Blood of Jesus Christ*.

H Y M N XXXV.

O 'mazing Wisdom, and Decree!
that Gods permissive will should be
To let us fall as low as *Hell*
altho' he loved us so well.

O glorious dazzling reigning *Grace !*
which shineth through our *Jesus* face,
While we be all condemn'd to dye,
then reigning *Grace* dose justify.

I. Book II. *Select Hymns.* 99

O glorious Will immutable !
must we deserve no less than *Hell* ?
Rail'd from a Dunghil to a Throne
accepted through this Grace *alone*.

To glorify free reigning Grace
thine *Image* Satan must deface :
What Grace was here ? our *Image* is
made more *conformable* to his.

No change can happen to us *now*,
in *Adam* this we did not know :
In dying now we do not dye,
but dye to live Eternally.

Oh *height* of Love ! why we ! why we !
why should *we* be thus sav'd by thee !
Oh *Depth* of Love ! what Tongue can tell ?
he sav'd us when as low as *Hell*.

O *Breadth* of Glorious pard'ning Grace !
it is as large as er'e it was :
Oh *Length* of Grace ! resolutely
to love us from Eternity.

H Y M N XXXVI.

HOW blessed are the called ones
to th' Marriage of the *Lamb* !
By eating of his parched *Flesh*
they shall for ever stand.

His *Heart* and *Soul* they were the Price
for which we purchast be ;
And now will keep his *Marriage* feast
with such poor dust as we.

100 *Select Hymns.* Book II.

Oh! stand not knocking at the Door,
but break it open wide:

Come in our *Jesus*, feast with us
thy undefiled Bride.

Why standst thou knocking at the Door?
why knockest thou to Day?

Why wouldst thou have the upper Room?
Lord what hast thou to say?

I would come in to Solemnize,
and celebrate with thee

My *Marriage Covenant* and Feast:
my *Dove*, Oh! ope to me.

Is this the thing why thou'dst come in?
we can't bear thy complaint:

My *Love*, my Choice, is this thy Voice?
our Souls are like to faint!

O Lord come in; thy Fingers in;
we feel our *Locks* to move,

We've heard thee say, *Love* come away
my *Sister*, and my *Dove*.

Come in thy Room thou *bruised* Lamb;
tell us of *Love* to Day;

The wrath thou'st born and overgon
oh! tell thy *Dallilah*.

Come with me then, my Love, my *Dove*,
come view the *curst* Tree,

Come view the *Cross*, see where I lost
all my *Heart's* Blood for thee.

Come view my *pierced* wounded Hands,
my *bruised* Sides come see,

My Feet that trip't o'er Hills to bring
tydings of Joy to thee.

Why

Why should thy cursed Unbelief
bring me again to dye;
Do but Believe, and I am thine,
to all Eternity.

H Y M N XXXVII.

Jesus our Shepherd's here to Day,
he in his Fold is come
To take the weak Lambs in his Arms ;
and feed the Ewes with young.

Altho' the *weak* ones go astray,
they are yet dear to *him*,
Because the Father on him lay
the Guilt of every Sin.

The strong ones he enables more :
the weak that are behind
He takes up in his Bosom, and
their Wounds and Bruises binds.

The *Lambs* are in their *Jesus* Arms,
they hear his Bowels sound ;
He keeps them close from any Harms :
their Hands are in his Wounds.

They are so near unto his Heart,
he hears their cry and moan ;
His Bowels answer them, *my Grace*
sufficient is alone.

They will not keep i'th' Bands of *Grace*,
nor by the Waters clear ;
But stray in *un-forbidden* Grounds
of doubting and despair.

102 *Select Hymns.* Book II.

He brings them back again, and makes
himself a Wall about ;

Salvation Banks on ev'ry side,
they may no more go out.

Their *Pasture's* green and flourishing;
for *Grace* doth ne're decay :

They cannot want or Hungry be
except they go astray.

They that are weak, and cannot go,
they may lye down and rest,
Solace themselves in *Pastures* green,
and eat where they like best.

With Eating they grow quick and strong,
they get the feet of *Hinds* ;
So they become the formost Sheep
and go no more behind.

H Y M N XXXVIII.

O Ur Father from *Eternity*
did see us in our Sin,
His boundless *Grace* did move him so
he call'd his Son to him.

Come my *Delight*, my Glory bright,
my *wrath* thou must remove ;

There is a company of *Men*
whom I do dearly Love.

Now for *exchange*, thou needs must *change*,
and take their *Sin* on thee ;

Thy *righteousness*, thy merits shall
to them imputed be.

Then

Book II. *Select Hymns.* 103

Then, said the Son '*tis done, tis done!*

I come to do thy will ;

Ere I will fail a jot thereof
my *dearest blood* shall Spill.

How did the *Lord* delight to see
th' obedience of his *Son!*

How smiled he his Soul to see
a *Sacrifice* become !

How *pleas'd* was he his Son to see
a bearing of the Wood !

Smi'd at the *wounds* from whence ran
his reconciling Blood. (down

At length he smil'd, when reconcil'd,
looks on his *bruised* Son ;

Holds out his hand to Bankrupt Man,
and cries *Tis done ! 'Tis done!*

Now God and Man is reconcil'd,
the enmity is done,

And meet before the Sacrifice
of Peace, his *bruised Son.*

H Y M N XXXIX.

W^Hose *Body's* this that's taken down
from off the cursed Tree ?

How comes it to be drench'd in *Blood*
and full of wounds to be ?

Our *dearest Jesus* we would know,
why for us thou didst *dye* ?

Why lay thy *Body* reul'd in *Blood* ?

O tell us ! Tell us why !

104 *Select Hymns.* Book II.

O wouldst thou know, my *Love* my *Dove*,
why I hung on the Tree ?

He tell thee why : I had those wounds
and *bruised* was for thee.

Thou sayst thou'rt sick of *Love* ; but what
Is all this *Love* of thine

Compar'd to *me* ? *Thy greatest Love*
Is nothing unto *mine*.

My boundless *Love* to thee hath been
so cruel unto me ;

Yea my affections were so strong
I dy'd with love for thee.

Had'st thou but heard how hard I beg'd
the Father once for thee ;

I would not be deny'd, but cry'd
my Father give *her* me.

My *Bloody* Body testifies
of *boundless* Love and Grace :

I will uphold thy Patience
'till thou hast run thy race.

H Y M N XL.

Hear now the *Rebels*, saith the Lord ;
must I my Justice take in Hand ?

Must I go smite the *Rock* for you
with *Law*, which did you all condemn ?

My wrath and indignation
which by this *Sin* was due to thee,

I have lay'd upon *Christ* my Son ;
did ever any *Love* like *me* !

I've

Book II. *Select Hymns.* 105

I've testify'd my *boundless* Love
in smiting of my Son for thee
Behold ! Behold ! Rebels behold
did ever any Love like me !

Nothing but th' *Blood* of my dear Son
could take the *guilt* of Sin from thee :
It was for thee his Hearts Blood ran ;
did ever any Love like me !

The *Streams* of love which flow through
shall never leave, but follow thee (him,
Through all this Desert Wilderness,
O Love ! Whoever lov'd like me !

Tho' thou should'st turn to *Sinai's* Mount,
to Bondage and legality ;
My *Grace* shall bring thee back again.
for never any lov'd like me.

Altho' thro' pride thou shouldst Rebel
against me in a high degree,
My Streaming Love shall cover all :
O Love ! Who ever lov'd like me !

When thou art in *desertions* deep
pretending great *humility* :
My streaming Love shall flow down there ;
for never none did love like me.

My Streaming Love shall ne're turn back,
but follow Streaming after thee,
Whilst thou art overcome with Love,
and cry, whoever Lov'd like thee !

O Love ! When shall I see the Rock (me ?
from whence this Love Streams down to
This Streaming Love doth make me long
to see him, who so Lov'd me.

H Y M N

H Y M N XLI.

L Et us behold our great *Higb Priest*,
 When in the World he came,
 Tempted in all things like to us,
 that he might know our *frame*.

Think it not strange, tho' tempt to doubt,
 O fy our *Adoption*,
 He tempted was to doubt that he
 was not his *Fathers Son*.

Ye fainting Souls, why do you fear ?
 or wherefore do you doubt ?
 Has not the Blood of *Jesus* ran ?
 your *Sin* is blotted out.

Would you have *Jesus* dye *again* ?
 no, he need dye no *more*
 His Blood has cross't out all the *Debt*
 that stood on *Justice* score.

Why need we grieve the Heart of *Christ*,
 and put him to such pain ?
 As if there were necessity
 for him to *bleed* again.

O give not place to *unbelief*,
 altho' we often fall ;
 For were there need he'd bleed *again* ;
 but there is none at all.

God sees no *Sin* to lay on him ;
 the *Law* cantake no place ;
Justice is fully satisfy'd :
 witness his *Marred Face*.

Honour

Honour to him that made us *rich*,
and made *himself* so *Poor* :
Pardon our Sin of *unbelief*,
and let us doubt no more.

H Y M N XLII.

TO us a *Child* is born,
A *son* is given free :
Wonderful, Councillor he is,
mighty to save is he.
To testify his *Love*
our *Flesh* he putteth on :
Born of a *Woman* *Jesus* was,
and yet *Gods* only Son.
He bore the heavy stroke
of *Wrath* due unto *Sin*
The Cup of indignation, he
drank off to the brim.
He took our *Flesh* on him,
that Sympathize he may
In all our *Troubles, Sorrows, Wants,*
Free Grace he will display.
Was ever *Love* like this !
Jesus should thus provide
Such *Streams* of *Love*, and *Grace*, & make
the Channel in his *side* !
Behold how he reveals
O *Sinner*, this to thee !
Thou must believe, accept, receive,
not vie : *Not Grace* is *Free*

All

All praise to him above;
 the *Lamb* as't had been slain;
 To th' Prince of Peace *Hosanna's* give,
Hosanna's yet again!

H Y M N XLIII.

BEhold, my *Jesus* comes!
 I hear his Blessed tone:
 He comes apace with all his Grace
 to me, his dearest one.

O how I hear his voice!
 he calls aloud to me
 Behold my *bleeding sides*, my Love,
 behold I dy'd for thee.

I have betrothed thee;
 and in these Cov'nant Bands
 I will keep thee: O! Do but see
 my *bleeding Feet* and *Hands*.

A Royal Robe I wrought
 to cover thee with, and
 To let thee see I loved thee:
 Behold my *Feet* and *Hands*.

This Robe will cover all
 thy Sins, tho' as the Sands
 In number be; yet do but see
 my *Bleeding Feet* and *Hands*.

I then did satisfy
 my Fathers free demand,
 Even for thee, when to the Tree
 you nail'd my *Feet* and *Hands*.

I Love thee *still*, altho
it puts thee to a stand,
How it should be I should love *thee*,
that pierc'd my Feet and Hands !

My Father now delights
to see thine Image stand,
So pure and white and dazzling bright
in me at his right Hand.

H Y M N XLIV.

Chrift our High Priest is gone
for us now to appear,
With *Blood* above, that pleads for love ;
stand by both Guilt and Fear.

Grace infinitely free
his Blood did loudly tell :
This *Streaming Rock* the Lord hath smote,
doth speak *loves* language well.

Love dy'd is self in *Blood*,
that Sinners there might see
That Gods *Eternal love* through Christ,
is infinitely free.

Come *Sin* and *Satan* too,
your Threats we do disdain ;
And *Justice*, thou hast nothing now
'gainst us : The Lamb is slain.

Thus *Grace* doth mount the Soul ;
in Christ it sets it high ;
And tho' in sin 'thas reeking been,
yet *Grace* doth bring it nigh,

And thus the Soul doth teach,
 all Sin for to disdain,
 Because by *Christ* 'tis made a *Priest*,
 and purg'd from Spot and Stain.
 O boundless Love of God!
 who would not *Grace* adore,
 That in the Flood of *Jesus* Blood
 our *Sin* has cov'red o're?
 O worthy is the *Lamb*,
 that once was slain for me,
 Eternally in praises high
 ador'd and prais'd to be!

H Y M N XLV.

WHAT *Trumpet's* this that sounds
 such glorious liberty
 To *Sinners* thro' the Blood of *Christ*,
 and why not then for me?
Jesus dy'd to redeem,
 poor *Sinners*, and set free
 The worst of *Traytors* by his Blood:
 And therefore why not me?
Christ dy'd to bring to God
 such that at distance be,
 The *Just* for the *Injust* did dye
 And why not then for me?
 The Gospel offers *Christ*
 to such that *Sinners* be,
 Yea, free *Redemption* by his Blood,
 why therefore not to me?

God

H. Book II. *Select Hymns.* I I L

God did commend his Love

to such that *Sinners* be ;

Yea, *Christ* for the *ungodly* dy'd :

And why not dye for *me* ?

Christ dy'd for none but such ;

'gainst God that *Rebels* be,

And peace by *Blood* for *Sinners* made,

and why not peace for *me* ?

There's *righteousness* in *Christ*

most infinitely free,

For *needy Sinners* which was wrought ;

and why not then for *me* ?

And in *this Righteousness*

sinners Angels out-shine :

It covers all their *foulest* spots,

and why not cover *mine* ?

So that Gods Holy Eye

no *Spots* in them can see,

This *Garment* White it shines so bright,

and why not shine on *me* ?

H Y M N XLVI.

BEhold my Soul, thy lovely Lord
hang *bleeding* on the Tree :

O! View my Soul the *Heart* of *Christ*
by Justice *rent* so *thou*.

O! What stupendious boundless love,
is this that *flames* so bright,

That *Jesus*, he should dye for *me*
that I in Justice fight,

112 *Select Hymns.* Book II.

Should in this glorious Godlike *Robe*
before the Throne appear,
That *flaming holiness* it self
need not to make me fear.

O cursed *unbelief* stand by
thou *Sulphur*, as smoke of Hell,
For in this dress, (*Christ's Righteousness*)
Justice doth like me well.

O lovely *Jesus*! Take the praise,
who thus adornst thy Bride:
This *Righteousness* I do possess
doth in thy self reside.

O altogether lovely Lord!
what Tongue can silent be?
Thou fairest of ten thousand art;
for none is like to thee.

H Y M N XLVII.

WHY dost thou hide thy Face?
our *Jesus*, tell us why:
Didst thou not love with such a Love
that Love caus'd thee to dye?

Thy bleeding sides do tell
loves *Stories* pleasantly:
Therefore why hidest thou thy Face?
our *Jesus*, tell us why!

Wer'e Bone now of thy Bone;
to thee we're made so nigh:
Thou hid'st thy self now from thy self:
O therefore tell us why!

My

Book II. *Select Hymns.* 113

My undefiled one,
dost thou enquire of me,
Why i'th that I so frequently
do *hide* my Face from thee?

O! Tis my *Love* to thee
that's always in a *flame*,
That causes me to hide from thee,
altho' my *Heart's* the same.

When from those *living streams*
from me that run so *free*
Thou turn'st *aside*; O then my Bride
I hide my self from thee.

When thou dost live upon
my *Jewels* fair and bright,
And them dost take, and *Idols* make
and set up in my sight;

My love to thee's too great
their emptiness to show;
I turn aside from thee my Bride
that thou may'st learn to go

Unto the *Fountain Head*
and drink abundantly,
Unto those red and purple *Streams*
that have their source from me

H Y M N XLVIII.

MY *Jesus* he is *all* to me,
what ere my Soul can crave;
A *fountain* free's my Christ to me,
that I no want can have.

114 *Select Hymns: Book II.*

My Jesus he is *Strength* to me,
when I do fainting lye :

He's *healib* in sickness, *Life* in Death ;
in War, he's *victory*.

In famine he is *Food* to me,
in thirst he's *Royal Wine* ;

No want can be attending me
since Jesus he is mine.

My Jesus he is *light* to me
when I in darkness go :

Such *fulness* in my Jesus is
that I no want can know.

My Jesus he is *liberty*
when Bondage doth oppress :

Tho' I in Sin have *reeking* been
my Christ is *Righteousness*.

When sorrows compass me about,
my *Christ* is peace and joy,

When Wrath and Sin do rage within,
my *Christ* is Victory.

When *Satan* throws his flaming Dart
my *Christ* a Hold is strong,

▲ *refuge* he is then to me
and my *Salvation*.

H Y M N XLIX.

O What a Fountain of *delights*
Is *Christ* the Son of God !

What pleasant Streams this Rock did run,
when smote by Justice Rod !

O Love! *eternal Love* and Grace!
whose *depths* we cannot know,
Which we saw run thro' Gods own Son,
and thro' his Blood to flow.

We view'd with pleasure and delight
this streaming *Rock* so free;
We saw the *Lord* his fellow smite
for us upon the Tree.

O stand amaz'd, ye *Train* above!
can this be understood,
That *God's* eternal Grace and Love
should flow thro' *Jesus* Blood?

Did we not in the *Wounds* of Christ
the *Fathers Heart* behold?
Hath not our dearest *Jesus Blood*
delightful tidings told?

These wounded Hands and Feet we see
(by Faith) upon the Tree,
Loudly proclaim we're *Kings* and *Priests*
unto Eternity.

Select

1102

Select Hymns

FOR THE

LORD'S TABLE.

BOOK III.

H Y M N I.

OUR Lord and Head we saw did fall
a Sacrifice for us ;

We by his Stripes are heal'd whilst he
was bruis'd and wounded thus.

Some for a Friend would, may be, Dye,
But who would for a Foe ?

Yet Jesus pour'd his Soul to Death
for us whilst we were so.

Behold

Book III. *Select Hymns.* 117

Behold how great this *dying* Love !

O here was Love indeed !

To manifest such boundless Love
the Son of God must bleed !

How did *whips, nails, and thorns* tear off
and rend his blessed Flesh !

We in his Ordinance now saw
our *bruised* Lord afresh.

But O ! how was his *wounded* Soul
by *mighty* Vengeance rent !

What tortures from his *Fathers* Hand ?
what *pangs* he underwent ?

'Twas Love to *Rebels*, such as we
made him to undergo

('Tho in himself most innocent ;)
such *Tortures, Pain, and Woe.*

O hearts of *Flint*, why don't you melt ?
bow down our Souls, bow down ;

Let such amazing *Grace* prevail ;
O ! let it wear the *Crown.*

Awake, awake, our Soules to love,
to love this *Lovely* one :

And everlasting praises sing
to him upon the *Throne.*

H Y M N II.

HOW did the glorious *Heaven* smile
When God to Man was reconcil'd !
How he his *Rebels* did devise
should meet him in a *Sacrifice* !

He

118 *Select Hymns.* Book III.

He on a *bruised Jesus* swore;
He would be wroth with *him* no more;
no nor with *us* that are in *Christ*
our representing great *high Priest*.

In *Christ's divided parts* he meets;
And there with Love eternal greets:
enriches them with Glorious Grace,
and everlasting Arms embrace.

By wondrous Commutations, thus
He caus'd the Vengeance due to *us*
fall on *his Son*, who in *our* stead
both Satisfy'd, dy'd and Bled.

His Barbed Arrows struck *him* through;
Whilst *we* escape the deadly Blow:
thus he was pleas'd to bruise his *Son*,
lest wretched *we* should be undone.

H Y M N III.

Hosanna to the Holy one!
Unto the *Lamb* upon the Throne!
come let us *Hallelujah* sing,
unto the great immortal King!

He sav'd us with his *God-like Blood*,
He wash'd us in that purest Flood;
our Conscience bath'd hath in that *bath*,
and purg'd out thence Sin, Hell, & Wrath.

Wee feed on *him*, our Flesh and bone;
Thereby embodied into one;
in him made one with's *Father* too:
who can this *God-like* Glory shew!

—H

How

Book III. *Select Hymns.* 149

How did the Father take delight
His dearest Son to bruise, and smite,
to free us from the Hellish snare!
O! glorious Love beyond compare!

He now the choicest Wine lets run,
And feeds with us upon his Son:
his Spikenard casts a pleasant Smell;
O! let us in his praises dwell!

We at his Table Drank and Eat;
We fed were with the Finest Wheat:
what choicest Dainties did he dish!
O! was there ever Love like this!

What Taft in Heaven hath this Chear,
If that it be so pleasant here,
where we shall Drink the newest Wine!
what manner O! of Love is thine!

Hofannabs! Hallelujabs ring!
O beauteous Jesus! Glorious King!
bottomless Love! O boundless Grace!
O Glory! Glory! Glory! Praise.

H Y M N IV.

THe Story of eternal Love,
the Spirit told by Bread and Wine;
That boundless, ever-lasting Love
that thro' a dying Christ did shine.

We do shew forth his Death below,
and he shews forth his Death above:
He, to keep flowing down his Grace,
and we to see, rejoyce, and Love.

Melchizedek

120 *Select Hymns.* Book III.

Melchizedek did *Abram* meet, (slain;
with Bread and Wine, the Kings be'ng
But our *Melchizedek* meets us
whilst in the heat of Wars and pain.

This speaks unfathom'd Love indeed,
love from eternity begun;
A boundless current in a Round,
that to Eternity will run.

Christ loves and pou'rs his Soul to Death;
the more the *Rishers* heart doth move
To *Christ*; and *Christ* doth love the more:
O! here's a Glorious Round of Love!

Tis in *this* Love we're swallow'd up,
and shall be swallow'd in for aye:
This is the Ocean, Banner, Shade,
this is the bright eternal Day.

This God of Love in *Christ*, belov'd;
this God of Grace we will adore,
We'll praise, and honour, and admire
now and henceforth, forevermore.

H Y M N V.

Ravishing Mercy! wondrous Love!
O! come and tast, and see:
O wretched Sinner as I am!
did Jesus die for me!

Eternity will scarce suffice
to admire this great decree:
'Twas from Eternity decreed
that *Christ* should bleed for me.

W

Book III. *Select Hymns.* 121

What Storyes of Eternal Love
Christ's *bleeding* Sides do tell !
Loves great *Epistle* he did Write
in lines of *Blood* so well.

His Mercy, Goodness, Grace and Love
flow'd in those purple Streams
To us that so rebellious were :
we seem like those in Dreams!

Ravishing Food ! delicious Wine !
the *Flesh* and *Blood* of Christ !
With Joy and Strength we feed upon
the Sacrifice and Priest.

O! Hallelujah, Glory, Power,
and Honour be to Thee ;
Thy God and Father, and ours too,
and Spirit Eternally !

H Y M N VI.

WE Drunk the *Wine*, th' Fruit of the
the *Vine* that is most true ; (Vine,
Hereafter we with *Christ* shall be,
and then shall Drink it *new*,

These are the Daintyes of free *Grace*,
and *Love's* delicious *Fare* ;
The *Flesh* and *Blood* oth' Son of God :
O Love beyond compare !

His God-like Death for us hath wrought
a *Garment* bright and fair,
In which we're Spotless without fault :
Q Love beyond compare !

L

He

122 *Select Hymns.* Book III.

He comes to reign; Hell is in Pain,
their Teeth the wicked quash;
Our Lord is nigh, and they shall Feel
his Rod and Iron-lash.

But underneath his Shadow, we
shall of his bounty share,
Ravish't with *Kisses* of his Love:
O! what a Feast is there!

Fain would we be at home with thee,
our dearest Jesus, fain;
That in th' embraces of thy Love,
we ever might remain.

Love and free Grace, come move apace;
with Love Heart-sick we be:
O Soul-amazing Shining Love!
O! why to such as we!

H Y M N VII.

What *Glorious Sacrifice* is this
our Lord and we do feed upon!
O what a *Banquet's* this of Love,
to feed upon his only Son!
To eat of his most glorious Flesh,
O! this is Heav'nly *Manna* 'ndeed!
To have communion with that Blood
the Son of God for us did Bleed!
United to the Son of Man
with that great God we union have;
What-ever in the name of *Christ*
we ask, we certainly shall have.

He

Book III. *Select Hymns.* 123

He prays for *us*, we pray in *him*,
we rule and triumph in *our* Head :
Our mutual *Animosities*
did *Bleed* to Death with him that Bled.
Then let us melt with our dear Lord,
i'th' reconciling Sacrifice :
Cast our *Rebellious* weapons down
at his blest Feet, if we are wise.
Hosannah to the God of Love !
Hosannah to the highest one !
Hosannah to the Prince of Life,
that sits with pow'r upon the Throne !

H Y M N VIII.

N E're did the *Glory* of free Grace
so shine, as in our *dying* Friend.
When he transgression finished,
and of *Sin* fully made an end.
Behold, how God the *Father* lov'd !
behold how *Jesus* lov'd indeed !
'Twas *Love* to us triumph't o're all,
when that the *Lamb* of God did Bleed.
Our Garments whitened with his *Blood*,
his *Love* ; how pleasant is the shade !
Thus in the Fountain bath'd are we,
and *Kings*, and *Priests* to God are made.
O never ! never ! did high Love
so greatly flow and stream afore,
As it flow'd from our *Jesus* Sides,
and stream'd forth in his Purple gore.

124 *Select Hymns.* Book III.

O! fill us, fill us with thy Loves:
 we thirsty are; let's drink our fill:
 Let's quench our thirst in *pard'ning Blood*
 in *pard'ning Blood* our Lord did spill.

Our *dearest*! *dearest*! *dearest* Friend!
 our *pretious* Husband! lovely! sweet!
 Let's hang in thy embraces Lord;
 let's wash, and wipe, and kiss thy Feet.

Thou *overcomest* with thy Love
 O! thou dost *ravish* with thy Grace:
 Behold, how beautiful and bright's
 the glory of thy *lovely Face*!

O let's admiring alwayes Stand!
 O let's adoring prostrate Fall!
 O boundless! free! rich! glorious Grace
 in *Christ*! and *Christ* is *all in all*.

Eternal Glory, Thanks and Praise
 be to our Husband, and our Lord:
 Still let us celebrate his Praise,
 and glorious Acts with one accord.

H Y M N IX

TELL us, O *Jesus*, dost thou Love?
 and dost thou Love indeed?

Why do we ask? did we not see
 thy Love just now to *Bleed*?

What greater Love than *bleeding* Love?
 O Love most ravishing!

This Song of Love when we're above
 we shall forever Sing.

We

Book III. *Select Hymns.* 125

We saw thy Love flow from thy *Heart*
now in thy *Blood* that streams;
It was such *overcoming* Love
we were like those in Dreams.

O! who can tell the *Heart* of Christ
in all his Glory now,
To his *belov'd, distressed* ones
in 'midst of Storms below.

Thy heart's the same as er'e it *was*,
as *full* of Love and Grace;
There's the same pity as er'e was
in thy *exalted* Face.

Why must we turn away our Eyes?
thy Image we do bear:
O! what does ravish thee? it is
thy Beauty which we wear.

If *beams* from thee that dart on us
so Sparkling be and bright;
What must the *Sun* it self be, to
the Darkness of the Night?

Who can behold thy *Glory*, Lord!
thy glorious *Love*, who can!
Eternity it self is not
sufficient it to scan.

Flame out our Love with hottest Flames
to our *beloved* Lord:
Rest under his *Loves* Shadow, which
surpasses *Jonahs* Gourd.

The World's a stormy raging-Sea,
let's harbour in *his* Love;
Thence we shall laugh at storms & waves,
no Tempest shall us move.

126 *Select Hymns.* Book III.

Now *him* that is our safe retreat,
and *him* that is our Peace
Let's love and honour, praise, admire,
and let us never cease.

H Y M N X.

HOW clean are we, now we are bath'd
in *Jordans* Living Floud !
What shining *Kings* and *Priests*, we stand
wash't in Christ's *God-like* Blood !
The *Lamb* i'th' midst o'th' Throne of Grace
us now hath freely Fed ;
And by his *Spirit* down hath sent
from Heav'n the *living* Bread.
The living Streams o'th' upper *Springs*
he freely did bestow :
We of the *Fountain* freely Drank
that from his Heart did flow.
He bids us Drunken be with *Loves*,
with *Loves* so bottomless ;
With *Loves* that stream so *freely* down,
(the *Ocean* not the less.)
The *Lovely* *Jesus* is *all* Love,
all Mercy, Truth, *all* Grace ;
He's white and ruddy : Majesty
and Meekness fills his Face.
Sing *Hallelujahs* to the Lamb !
the *Lamb* most pure and bright :
Whose voice does thunder from the Throne
whose Eyes are flaming Light.

Let's

Book III. *Select Hymns.* 127

Let's Love, admire, adore, embrace
this Lovely one so fair ;
Whose *Grace* and *Person* all transcends,
and are beyond compare.

H Y M N XI.

BEhold our *well-beloved's* come,
more excellent than mounts of prey ;
Or'e mighty Hills of Unbelief,
and guilt of Sin, he pav'd his way.

He like the *Roe* has nimble trip't
to shew to us his glorious Face ;
And thro' the Lettice of his *Flesh*
darts down on us his *Fathers* Grace.

Hark ! hark ! how our *beloved* speaks,
what ravishing ! what melting Voice !
He says, Rise up my *Love*, my *fair*,
mine and my *Fathers* only choice.

Rise up my *fairest*, come away,
rise, follow me, Dove, without fear ;
The Dark distressing *Winter's* o're,
the pleasant *Spring* does now appear.

The *Birds* do sing, my Children ring
most joyous *peals* of my free Grace ;
The *Flowers* appear, their Graces are
most shining bright each in its place.

The *Turtles* Voice is in our Land ;
the des'late Gospel does break forth
To singing in the midst of you,
and causes many a heav'nly Birth.

The

128 *Select Hymns.* Book III.

The Fig-tree putteth forth green Figs,
for numerous your *converts* are ;
Your *tender Grapes* give a good smell ;
your Converts Grace is choice & rare.

Lord what are *we*, thy Love, thy fair ?
such filthy wretched ones as *we* ?

O Love ! O Love ! O wondrous Grace !
come ! we'll arise and follow *thee*.

(us,
Great things thine Arm hath done 'mong
such Love and Favour did'st thou shew,
Who would not rise and follow thee ?
such *Mighty Cords* of Love do draw.

Now to our well *beloved* Lord,
let's Sing a well tun'd Song of praise :
Glory and Honour let's ascribe,
O let's ascribe to him always.

H Y M N XII.

O *Choiceest Banquet ! rarest Wine !*
O Soul-reviving *Blood !*
O Table well spread with Heav'nly Bread !
O *delicatest Food !*

What glorious company was here !
the *Father, Spirit, Son,*
And a great *Troop* of shining ones
embodied into *one*.

O grace ! free grace ! rich glorious grace !
foundation and topstone
In great *Redemption's* Building, and
it's *cementing* alone.

Book III. *Select Hymns.* 129

O Mercy, Goodness, Peace dish't up!
O glorious *Bill of fare*!

O Love, the Garnishing of all!
O Love beyond compare!

Who would not love the King of Saints?
who would not love the Lord?

Thy *Person* is all beautiful;
how Honey-sweet thy *word*!

Who would not praise thee *Zions* King,
and trumpet forth thy Fame!

Who art with richest Glory 'ray'd,
how well perfum'd thy Name!

Still Honour Glory and Renown
be given unto thee:

Hosannah's! Hallelujahs! Sing
to all Eternity.

H Y M N XIII.

Dear Lord, we in *thy* comlyness,
like *Sharons* Rose, do smell & bud,
And like the *Lilies* of the Vale,
appear most beautiful and good.

Hark! Hark! what our *dear* Lord replies,
as *Lilies* shoot up among Thorns,
So does my Love, my Church, my Spouse
in spite of false *Prose* for's harms.

Those that themselves my Daughters all,
like *prickly* Thorns would stab thee thro';
Yet midst those thorny Daughters thou
shalt like the *Vally Lily* grow.

Thanks,

Thanks, *dearest Jesus* ; are we then
 i'th' midst of *Thorns*, thy fair, thy Dove?
 How art thou like the *Apple-tree*,
 the Glory of the shady *Grove* ?

As pleasant *Pipins* among *Crabs*,
 so 'mong the Sons is our *belov'd* ;
 Fairer than all the Sons of Men,
 the perfect *Captain* well approv'd.

We thy refreshing Shadow had,
 thy loving *Righteousness*, and Love ;
 We shall with constant joyes be fill'd,
 if here we sit and never move.

And here we eat thy pleasant Fruits,
 thy *pleasant* Fruits of *Righteousness*;
 How pleasant to our *tast* are these !
 Assurance, Peace, and Quietness.

Pleas'd with the goodness of these Fruits,
 Let us our Donor praise and bless ;
 Our dearest Husband, Lord and Head,
Jehovah our great *Righteousness*.

H Y M N XIV.

O Love! O boundless Love of God!
 stupendious Love and Grace!
 We in a *bleeding Jesus* saw,
 we saw in *Jesus* Face.

The *King* of Glory has been here
 revealing Mighty Love,
 In Conscience Banquets feasting with
 his undefiled *Dove*.

Hark

Book III. *Select Hymns.* 131

Hark in what *tendrest* Speech of Love
he doth his Heart *bewray*!

My Love, my Dove, my undefil'd,
make hast and come away.

The *Winter's* past, the *Rain* is gone,
the *Flowers* do appear ;

The time is come for *Birds* to Sing,
the *Turtle* you may hear.

The *Fig-tree* Glories in green *Figs*,
in *tender Grapes* the *Vine* ;

Arise my Love, my fair one, come
and drink my *Spiced* Wine.

I am into my Garden come
my Sister, and my Bride ;

I've brought my *Honey*, *Myrrh* and *Spice*
my *Milk* and *Wine* beside.

Come eat, O Friends, yea welcome, to
these dainties from above ;

Beloved drink abundantly,
come drink *large* draughts of Love.

Open to me my Love, my Dove,
my Sister undefil'd ;

My *Locks* with fruitful drops o'th' Night
my *Head* with Dew is fill'd.

Let us be wise, and now arise ;
what language Lord is this !

In words so ravishing dost thou
thy self to us express ?

O let's arise and follow thee,
lest thou withdraw'st again ;

And we thy absence several Years
mourn and deplore in vain.

H Y M N

H Y M N XV.

They're Songs of *Love* they sing above,
 and why not we like them ?
 No Tongue be *dumb* : for we are come
 to th' new *Jerusalem* :

Clad now with white and shining bright
 garments of *Righteousness* ;
Girdles of Gold our *Loyns* do hold,
 and bind on fast our *Dress*.

We stand upon that *Ocean*,
 that glassy fiery *Sea* ;
 The *Blood* of *Christ*, that great high Priest
 the *Spirit* does apply.

Let's touch the *golden Harps* of God
 with *Wire* immortal strung ;
 And let us sing to our great King,
 let's sing the *Lambs* new Song.

Thanks be to thee, the Victory
 we have obtain'd o'er Sin ;
 And Father, thou hast made us more
 than *Conquerours* in him.

This *Crucified* Lord let's praise,
 and magnify his worth ;
 This blessed Root of *Jesse's* Stem,
 his Glory let's set forth.

Immortal Honour, Wisdom, Strength,
 unto the *Lamb* are due ;
 This bleeding *Lamb*, this reigning Lord,
 this Holy, Righteous true.

This

Book III. *Select Hymns.* 133

This Heav'nly *Manna's* to our tast
like Cakes of *Honey* sweet :

How *Pleasant* is this *streaming Rock*
which still our *Paths* doth meet !

Come *Jesus* move, we're sick of *Love* ;
why stay thy *Chariot* wheels ?

We pine away while thou dost stay,
our *Souls* thy *absence* feel.

Thy *Mouth's* sweet *Kiss* let us not miss,
thy *love* transcends all *Wine* ;

But O ! what *Musick* do we hear
when thou saist *I am thine* !

Still let's have more, still more of thee ;
we ne're enough can have :

Our *jealousy's* as strong as *Death*,
as cruel as the *Grave*.

Dominion, *Power*, and *Majesty*,
Thanksgiving, *Glory*, *Praise*,

In endless *Songs*, *angelick Strains*,
and never ceasing *Layes*,

Be unto him that *Loved* us,
and wash'd us with his *Blood*,

And made us *Kings* and *Priests* unto
his *Father* and our *God*.

H Y M N XVL

Who's this that doth from *Ellam* come
with *Garments* dyed *Red*,

With *Scarlet* *Robes* from *Bazrah*, he
O how apparelled !

M

That

134 *Select Hymns.* Book III.

That Travels in his Mighty strength?
what answer O he gave!

'Tis I that speak in *Righteousness*,
and Mighty am to save.

Why's thy Apparel colour'd so,
thy Garments dyed *Red*,
Like them that on the Vintage work,
or do the Wine-fat tread?

The *Wine-press* of his Fathers wrath
he all alone hath trod;
Oth' People there was *none* with him
when he was smote of God

Awake O *brandish*'st Sword of God
against my only Son,
Tho' Spotless he and Innocent
no violence has done.

He's as a Lamb to 'th' slaughter led,
yea as a shearing Sheep
He quietly yeilds up his Breath,
and still doth silence keep.

He freely did to Death submit,
and did most willingly
Pains, Tortures, Lashes, Stripes endure,
for *Rebels* such as we.

H Y M N XVII.

I Mmortal Honour, Glory, Pow'r,
Strength, Wisdom, Riches, Might,
Be to the reigning *Lamb* above,
that dwells in brightest Light.

JOHN

To

Book III. *Select Hymns.* 135

To him that *wash'd* us in his Blood,
who having lov'd us first ;

To him that was made *sin* for us,
and was for us accurst.

Who feeds us with his God like flesh
and drinks us with his Blood ;

Uniting Faith most choicely feeds,
and drinks the Wine that's good.

Who would not love the *dearest* Lord,
most Lovely, Bright, and Fair ?

Thy love to us all love transcends ;
thou art beyond compare.

How pleasant was this Fruit to us,
and language full of Grace !

Delightful was the *company* :
how lovely was his Face !

O well beloved *Jesus*, fill'd
with Glory, Grace, and Truth ;

All Grace is pour'd upon thy Lips :
thou hast the *Dew* of Youth.

O when shall we come unto thee,
home to our *Fathers* House ;

Where thou'lt refine the *choicest* Wine
for thy beloved *Spouse*.

Who would not Honour, and admire ?
who would not thee adore ?

Who would not throw their *Crown* below
down prostrate thee before ?

Hast *sweetest* *Jesus*, hast away,
thy rightful Throne ascend,

Possess thy Nations, fill thy *Church*
with Glory without end.

H Y M N XVIII.

BEhold the *bleeding Lord* of Life,
 planted with Arrows like a Grove;
 Planted with Darts of *Vengeance* thus:

O Friends, what manner then of *Love* !

Wounded by his dear *Fathers* Sword ;
 betrayd most falsly with a Kiss ;
 By Kindsmen, followers *murther'd* thus ;
 what manner, O ! of *Love* is this !

Behold the bloody *Clodders* fall ;
 his pierced Sides, and Temples bleed :
 For *Sinners* thus he's drench't in's Blood :
 and is not this then *Love* indeed !

Behold the anguish of his *Soul* ;
 thy *Sword* O Justice stabs him thro :
 For *us*, vile *Rebels*, this he bore ;
 how did our *Jesus* love ! O how !

To torments thus resigns his *Soul* :
 our Husband dearly purchases
 A filthy, and a wretched *Bride* ;
 what manner, O ! of *Love* was this !

To dye for worst of enemies ;
 O ! this was an amazing Friend !
 What manner Lord of love was *thine* !
 how didst thou boundless *Love* commend !

The Father bruise'd his *darling* Son,
 and took delight to wound him sore :
 Our *Fathers* love unto us shone
 thro' the slain *Jesus* purple Gore.

His

Book III. *Select Hymns.* 137

His Sorrows, Anguish, Blood, and Death,
electing Grace did cause to shine:
What, bruise for *us* thy *darling Son*!
what manner, O! of *Love* was thine!
O *here* is *Love*! here's *Love* indeed!
eternal, and *electing Love*:
A *Love* that does no *limits* know,
that *never* changes, *never* moves.
What e're we do, this boundless *Love*
runs an *eternal* Stream of bliss;
The *Flouds* of *Sin* this *Love* can't quench:
what manner, O! of *Love* is this!
This *Love* the greatest torments bore;
this *Love* did groan, this *Love* did Bleed;
Our *Lover* thus wept bloody *Tears*:
behold how *Jesus* lov'd indeed!

H Y M N XIX.

GOd from *eternity* decreed,
to feast in *Love* with *us* this Night,
To feed with *us* now on his *Son*,
and Father, so thou tookst delight.
And didst thou set him then apart
to be the *Victim* of our peace?
Swearing on him by thy great self,
thy *Love* to *us* should *never* cease?
Then our dear *Jesus* swore for *us*,
we ne're rebell should as a'fore;
And that recov'ed was, should ne're
deface his *Glory* any the more.

138 *Select Hymns.* Book III.

All his Engagements and his Bonds
were sealed by his *dying* Breath :
Our Peace and Life are ratify'd
unalterable in his *Death*.

We now renew our League with thee,
clasp't in thy reconciled Arms :
We in our *bleeding Jesus* saw
thy Love, and Mercy's potent charms,
How *Fat* the feast ! how *rich* the Wine !
how *pleasant* was the Company !
We fed on *Christ*, we drank his Blood,
whilst with us sat the *glorious three*.

Adored Goodness ! ravish't Love !
in Streams of *Love* let's dip us then ;
The *Fountains* of the mighty Deeps
break up and deluge o're ag'en.

To Heav'n our Faith was mounted up ;
we are impatient of delay :
Thy coming hasten *Lord* to us,
or let us hast to thee away.

Why doth thy *Chariot*, (*pav'd* with Grace,
and Love) so soft, so slowly move ?
Mean while with *Flagons* comfort us :
dear Jesus, we are sick of Love.

H Y M N XX.

Sing *Hallelujahs* ! to the *Lamb*
that reigns for evermore ;
Who made us spotless by his Blood,
and very bright all o're.

Our

Book III. *Select Hymns.* 139

Our Tongues be then the *Spirits* Pen,
that readily may write :
To sound aloud the Lambs high praise,
the *Spirit* will indite.

What an immortal melody
fills the high Heavens now !
Joyn in *Seraphick Symphony*
you in this *Room* below :

Distinguishing, and *endless* Love,
is the great Song above ;
And let us then that are below
sing stories of his *Love*.

The Lord of Heaven Heaven *left*,
Grace boundless to declare ;
His Fathers Bosom *left* to tell
what thoughts of Love *there* are.

Why cam'st thou down to dwell in *Flesh* ?
tell *dearest* Jesus, pray ;

Was't to impart thy Fathers Heart
to wretched lumps of *Clay* ?

Why was't thou *poor* ? a Man of *grief*,
that heavy Vengeance bore ?

Why was't thou *smitten* thus and *bruised* ?
why wast thou *wounded* sore ?

Why in such *bitter* agony ?
why bloody *cladders* fall ?

Why didst thou drink the *Cup* of Wrath,
and drink up *Dregs* and all ?

Hark, what our bleeding Lord replies,
hark what his Wounds reply,
This was to testify my *Love*
from all Eternity.

My

140 *Select Hymns.* Book III.

My *Fathers* Love does shine in *mine* ;
my Groans *his* Love indite ;
 Eternal, and electing Love
my Streaming *Blood* does write.

Electing Grace my *dying* Breast
 did very loudly preach :
 The Fathers, Sons, and Spirits Love
 thus Jesus *Death* did teach.

Our bleeding Lord, was it thus then ?
 let's view thy *bleeding* Sides :
 Here's Love indeed ! flow up our Love
 like overflowing Tides.

Our *Jesus* now thou'rt glorified ;
 but is thy *Love* the same ?
 Yes, says he, towards *you* it burns
 now with as *high* a Flame.

Sing *Hallelujahs* ! praise, adore,
 bleis : All he does above
 Is for us Sinners ; and all ore
 high Offices of *Love*.

H Y M N XXI.

NOW underneath thy *Shadow*, we
 sat down with great delight :
 How pleasant was the *tast* of thee !
 how lovely was the *fight* !

We cannot brook thy absence *Lord*,
 but we are sick of Love ;
 Embrace thou always in thy Arms
 thy Sister, Spouse, and Dove.

That

Book III. *Select Hymns.* 141

That we no more may hunger, give
us of this *Bread* to eat ;
And no more thirst, give of *this* Drink
so cherishing, so sweet.

Lord, mount our Faith, we may embrace
thee in thy *bruised* Son ;
And in thy Bosom lye, who is
with thee O Father, one.

O let us Sing mount *Zion's* Song
sing *Hallelujahs* ! Sing
(Who now with us at Table sits)
to th' great immortal King ;

Head over all *Jehovah*, high
the Prince of *Peace*, the Son,
The reigning Lamb by whose Blood, we
do fight and overcome.

H Y M N XXII.

O ! never was a Face so *marr'd*,
as that of our dear Lord !
When *Justice* turn'd aside from us,
and in *him* sheath'd his Sword.

Why thus *rejected*, and *despis'd* ?
why thus *afflicted* sore ?

He underneath our sorrows groan'd
it was *our* griefs he bore.

Why without *form*, and *comeliness*,
or *beauty* to be seen ?

It was for us, that Vengeance made
those *Wounds* with Arrows keen.

why

142 *Select Hymns.* Book III.

Why did he *grieve* ? why did he *groan* ?

Pour forth such *Tears*, and *Cries* ?

The *maul* of Justice bruise'd him sore
for *our* Iniquities.

And was *he* then for *us* chastiz'd
that *we* might Peace procure ;
And was his bloody, gashly Stripes
our healing and *our* cure ?

What manner then of *Love* was this !
yea what transcendent Love !
Still he loves such, yea *still* as much
now that he reigns above.

And did the Father take *our sin*
and charge it *all* on him ?
And was the Father greatly pleas'd
to *bruise* him for *our sin* ?

What manner then of *Love* was this
the Father had for us,
When for such *filthy* Dust as *we*
he Wounds his *darling* thus !

For ever be the Father prais'd !
Hosanna's to the Son !

Yea *Hallelujahs* to the Lamb !
the holy righteous one.

H Y M N XXIII.

CHrist is the pretious *Treasury*,
where *Grace* is laid in store,
More fully to be handed out
unto the Blind and Poor.

The

Book III. *Select Hymns.* 143

The mighty distance *sin* had caus'd
between our Lord and us,
Is by this dying Sacrifice
our *Christ* abolish'd thus.

The distance 'tween th' *Eternal* God
and *finite* clods of Clay,
God is come down to dwell in *Flesh*,
to do in part away.

All Homage now is pay'd to God,
in *Jesus Christ* our head;
All that we want is stor'd in him:
he is the living *Bread*.

He is the living *Waters* sent;
who ever drinks of him,
As he is cleans'd and wash'd from sin,
so never thirsts agen.

O! do you want eternal Grace?
one in your nature has't;

Go to your Brother *Joseph's* House,
his pleasant Dainties tast.

Nay, eat beloved, eat; O drink,
and drink abundantly,

This is our glorious Masters call,
this our Beloved's cry.

H Y M N XXIV.

THou worthy, O *Jehovah*, art
Pow'r, Glory, Honour, to receive
It was thy pleasure thus to love,
and thus to make us to believe.

144 *Select Hymns.* Book III.

O bleeding *Lamb* upon the Throne !
 our Feast and Sacrifice this night ;
 Awful like many Waters noise
 like burning Brass, most shining bright.

'Tis *thine* to ope the *sealed Book*,
 and reign ore *Death*, ore *Hell*, ore *Sin* ;
 Ope thou our Conscience chained Doors,
 and *King of Glory* enter in.

For *thou* wast slain, and hast *redeem'd*
 us by thy Death and precious Blood,
 From among Kindreds, Nations, Tongues,
 and made us People to our God.

Lord by redeeming thou hast made
 us spotless *Kings* and *Priests* to him ;
 And having wash't us in his Blood,
 our God in us will see no *sin*.

We *Kings* and *Priests* ith' royal Robe
 of *Christ's* bright *righteousness* set forth,
 Shall reign with *Christ* ath' Judgment Day,
 and *reign* e're long with him on Earth.

Worthy's the *Lamb* that hath been slain,
 and now doth sit upon the Throne
 Of *Glory*, *Blessing*, *Honour*, *Pow'r*
Wisdom and strength to him alone.

H Y M N XXV.

I Underneath his *shadow* sat
 with pleasure and delight :
 His *Fruit* unto my *tast* was sweet
 and fair unto my *sight*.

Book III. *Select Hymns.* 145

I look'd and tasted with delight ;

I *manna* fed upon :

My Meat and Drink it was the *Flesh*
and *Blood* oth^r. Fathers Son.

I look'd and view'd by Faith, until
my Soul was *sick* of Love :

Love's *banner* he continually
display'd my Head above.

I view'd by Faith those stretcht out *Arms*
that *nail'd* were to the Tree,
Stand open wide for *me* his Bride,
tho' a vile wretch I be.

I view'd a Cup of *Vengeance*, in
my dearest *Jesus* Hand :

There did I spy most pleasantly
that *he* at Gods Command,

Most freely drank the *bitter Cup*
my sin prepar'd for him ;

That I might have a *Cup* prepar'd
top full of *Grace* to th' brim.

O then my Soul ! swim in those depths
of *Love*, that rise so high ;

That Sin and Death and Hell can't stop
it's Stream eternally.

N

These

*These following Hymns were
found in Mr. Browning's
Study, and used by him at the
Lord's Table.*

Note that at the end of every
Hymn these two Verses may be
added.

*Hosanna to King Davids Son !
Hosanna to the Christ !
Who in th' Almighty's name doth come,
Hosanna in the high'st !
To him that thus hath loved us,
and cancel'd out our score
In the pure Flood of his own Blood ;
be praise for evermore.*

H Y M N XXVI.

THe Heavens shew forth, O Lord, thy
and shall we silent be ? (Praise
Discharge us of the Earth, and raise
our Souls in Songs to the.

The

Book III. *Select Hymns.* 147

The cheary *Angels* sweetly sing,
their *Trumpets* always sound :
Let us make Heav'n and Earth to ring ;
we stand on higher Ground.

Our Wo did by our fall begin,
we in our Blood did lye ;
Grace took advantage by our Sin
it self to Glorify.

In crooked wayes (when we were lost,
by Sin, when we were slain)
Love spar'd no pains to seek ; nor cost
to make us love again.

From Heav'n like *Worms* we crept away,
Christ found us in his *Grave* ;
Next to his Heart he did us lay,
and dying did us save.

Our Tongues thy *Trumpets* are, and we
would serve thee all our Dayes :
Give us that Heart, whose *Pulse* may be,
thy quick and constant praise.
Hosanna to King ——— &c.

H Y M N XXVII.

B'lt that our Flesh is turn'd to Stone,
but that we scarce can see ;
Our hearts would melt O Lord and groan
that we should senseless be.

The *Suns* approach doth, as we see,
still make the Earth more brave :
What Barren Hearts O Lord have we !
yet hotter Beams we have.

148 *Select Hymns.* Book III.

He that doth find a *Silver-Vein*
 rejoyceth in that *Toy* :
 Thou hast *us* blest with greater Gain,
 oh ! fill our Hearts with Joy.

There's no such thing as *Love* in Men,
 comparing theirs with thine :
 Christ drank to us in *Blood*, and then
 bad us pledge him in *Wine*.

He did forsake his *Fathers Throne*,
 that he might glory give :
 He did assume our *Flesh and Bone* ;
 he dyes that *we* might live,

He left his Joy to feel our smart ;
 his ruin did *us* raise :

This Love O Lord, doth break our Hearts,
 oh ! let it mend our Praise.

Hosanna to King ————— &c.

H Y M N XXVIII.

Come, come, and see ! *fallen Man* is up,
 dead *Lazarus* is rais'd,
 And doth with his dear Saviour sup :
 his Pow'r and Love be Prais'd.

May Servants thus with their Lord sit
 as if they were his Mates ;
 Yea, this our Master doth permit ;
 nay more : mean while he waits.

But Laz'rus he his *Friend* did call,
 we Traytors to him were ;
 Nor could we rise without his fall :
 what matchless Love is here !

We

Book III. *Select Hymns.* 149

We gasping lay for want of Breath,
and help we could not crave :

He was content to tast of Death
that we his *Life* might have.

The Scripture sayth, this *Holy one*
might not Corruption see :

But yet he may be fed upon
by such poor *Worms* as *we*.

Thou giv'st us leave to eat, and rest;
let's also walk with *thee :*

Thou Lord dost carve us of thy best,
and wholly thine are we.

Hosanna to King ——— &c.

H Y M N XXIX.

Lift up your Voice, let Trumpets sound,
let *Saints* on Earth sing Praise:
Could we but *Till*, here's fruitful *Ground*:
whence we that *Rent* might raise.

The glorious *Sun* begins to 'rise,
and on our Face to shine;
Let Clouds disperse, let's wipe our Eyes;
our Joy is *Gods* design.

Peace, guilty *Conscience*, prate no more:
we were in debt, 'tis true,
But Christ our Lord hath paid our *Score* :
Love only now is due.

Chear up sad Hearts, look not so ill;
some *kind* of Tears defile :

Christ shed his Blood our *Veins* to fill;
sanguine Complexion smile.

150 *Select Hymns.* Book III.

Praise doth become Saints here below,
as well as them above ;
Thy Praise with us shall Heav'nward grow,
only chear up thy *Love*.

'Tis Mercy we can call *thee* ours,
that doth prevent despair :
Do but *thou* say, *yea I am yours*,
and then in Heav'n we are.
Hosanna to King ——— &c.

H Y M N XXX.

Rouse up dull Hearts, awake & sing,
'tis *Day* ; how can you sleep ?
The *Sun's* approach makes Joy to Spring ;
'tis clear ; how can you weep ?

Each pretty Bird can pleasant be,
yet is their Portion small :
Oh ! what unthankful Hearts have *we* !
that droop, and yet have *all*.

With Man, *one* Cord of Love doth bind,
one courteous Act doth gain :
How can *we* but his Praises sing ?
when *Love* our way makes plain.

As if we were some rich *Gold-ring*
drop't from the Fathers Hand :
Christ stooping, fell, us back to bring,
by *him* we rose, we stand.

Our Lord exalted is on high,
in *him* we comfort have :
Wherewith to wipe our weeping Eye,
he left Cloaths in his Grave.

Well

Book III. *Select Hymns.* 151

Well may we be at *his* command,
and Presents to him bring :
Lord chear and *tune* us with thy Hand,
so shall we work, and sing.
Hosanna to King ————— &c.

H Y M N XXXI.

WHere are those blest united ones
that have sup't with their King ?
Spoyl not his *Feast* with sighs and groans,
lift up your Voice ; lets sing.

Or let us only *mourn*, that we
our *Comforter* should grieve,
Who poured forth his *Blood*, that he
therewith might *us* relieve.

Let's weep that we for ev'ry Toy
should thus like Children cry ;
Or rather let us weep for Joy
that *Grace* doth wipe our Eye.

Those that can see their *Father* smile,
may laugh, tho' others frown :
If Heav'n be ours, let Earth seem vile,
'tis all not worth a *Crown*.

Why should we fear tho' *Mountains* shake,
tho' *Seas* lift up their Voice ?
While some fall down, while others quake,
in *God* let us rejoyce.

What cause have *we* to bless thy Name !
oh ! that *we* could give praise :
Then shall we Lord lift up the same
when *thou* our Heart shalt raise.

Hosanna to King ————— &c.

H Y M N

H Y M N XXXII.

IF with some *Earthly Prince* to sit
 be such a glorious thing ;
 Oh ! how great *Dignity* is it
 to Feast with *Heavens King* !

Our *Fathers House* has *Bread* enough,
 his *Board* is richly spread ;
 To whose Provision that's poor stuff
 whereon we sometimes fed.

The smallest *Crumb* we cannot earn,
 as due we cannot claim ;
 Yet are we *full*, could we but learn
 to praise his Holy Name.

The *Dainties* which thou dost afford,
 we nowhere else can see :
 Here shall we therefore choose to *board* :
 here shall our dwelling be.

And if a *Glance* so chear the Heart,
 what will a *full view* do ?
 Whilst under Age we have but part
 of what we are born too.

We trust we shall have more at last,
 for which we wait, and crave ;
 Mean while we bless thee for that *Tast*
 which now through *Grace* we have.
Hosanna to King ————— &c.

H Y M N XXXIII.

THy Peoples praise, great God of Love
well may it wait for *thee*,
For *thou* dost wait still from above
that thou might'st gracious be.

The *greater sort* dost thou forget
but *we* rememb'red are ;
Whilst *others* are without, *we* sit
under thy tender care.

Not unto us, dear Lord, ah ! No
not unto us, but *thee* :
From all this Grace let Glory grow,
thy Name exalted be.

What poor provoking *Dust* are we ?
but yet not swept away :
What place for such too low can be ?
yet Grace hath *guilt* our Clay.

Our *help* did in *thy* Bosome lye,
from whence, to shew thy Grace,
Thy Son our Lord must come to dye,
that *we* might have his place.

Fain would we come dear God to thee ;
oh ! let thy Hand us raise ;
Then shall we all thy *Trumpets* be
to thine *Eternal* praise.

Hosanna to King ——— &c.

H Y M N XXXIV.

What *bounty*, Lord? what matchless
 hast thou to us made known! (Love
 What costly Pearls drop't from above,
 and from thy Hand alone?

Thou hast redeem'd us from that Grave
 wherein we rotting lay:
 These naked Souls, how fine! how brave
 they are since tother Day!

Whence are those glorious *Crowns*, those
 which to *our* share do fall: (*Rings*?
 Can *Beggars* Brats deserve *such* things?
 no sure! *Grace* gave them all.

Where had we been? what had we done
 if left to *Natures* Light?

We might have worshipped the *Sun*,
 dear God! thou know'st we might.

But thou a *brighter* Sun hast sent,
 which in our *Hearts* doth shine;
 Whose Light us to *thy self* hath sent,
 and all whose Beams are thine.

Oh! let it more and more increase
 until its *course* be run,
 Until our *glim'ring* Light shall cease,
 and we dwell in the Sun.

Hosanna to King ————— &c.

H Y M N XXXV.

TIs *Angels* work to blefs and fing,
'tis not the *Saints* alone :
When they ſhall fit each like a King,
praiſe will become their Throne.

But what *poor* Instruments are we,
all-out of Tune, unſtrung ?
Unleſs *he* our Muſitian be
who can give *Duſt* a Tongue.

The Nature of this work is ſuch
that while we ſing we groan ;
Because we ſoul what er'e we touch ;
ours is a doleful tone.

But he that hath Compos'd our Song,
can put our *Hearts* in Tune :
Tho' *we* be weak, yet *he* is ſtrong ;
here let *thy* ſtrength be ſhewn !

How falſly have we dealt with *thee* !
yet *thou* doſt truſt us ſtill :
Fain would we henceforth *faithful* be
according to *thy Will*.

Thy Grace doth aggravate *our* ſin,
oh! might *it* kill the ſame ;
Then ſhall *we* Angel-like begin
'to praiſe *thy* Glorious Name.
Hofanna to King ————— &c.

H Y M N XXXVI.

What *Dainties* doth our Lord prepare ?
 what *Guests* doth he invite ?

May *Worms* divide such curious Fare ?
 doubtless 'tis not *their* Right.

Poor *Beggars* are not serv'd in state,
their posture is to stand ;
 Their proper place is at the Gate,
Crusts only fit *their* Hand.

How comes it then to pass that *we*,
 that *we* are bid draw near,
 That *we* are bid sit down by thee
 and welcome to such Chear ?

Ah ! not because *we* are not poor
 have *we* this favour found ;
 But *mercy* is with thee in store :
that only is the Ground.

Oh ! blessed be the Lord of Love
 who ask't not what *we* were,
 But bad his *only* Son remove
 that so *we* might draw near.

Since thou hast made our Souls a *Feast*,
 oh ! make us *thankful* too ;
 And whilst some others praise in jest
 let us both say and do.

Hosanna to King ————— &c.

H Y M N

H Y M N XXXVII.

That glorious *Grace*, that *Grace* of
that *Grace* of *Love* divine, (*Love*,
How clearly doth it from above
upon *our Faces* shine?

Love was at work before we were
five Thousand Years or more :
Time only makes those things appear
that *Love* hath wrought before.

Like *silly Sheep* we wandring went,
we went we know not where ;
Love cry'd as we to *Hell* were bent,
this is the way, walk here.

In a *short Time* and for *poor Crumbs*
we all our *Portion* spent ;
Love freely gave far greater Sums
than what before were lent.

Our only danger is from *sin*,
thence comes the greatest harm :
But *Love* hath safely *Hedg'd* us in
with it's inclosing *Arm*.

How can we now but with him walk,
when *Love* hath pay'd *our way* ?
Oh ! let's not spend our *Time* in *Talk*,
let's run, let's make no stay.
Hosanna to King ————— &c.

H Y M N XXXVIII.

WHat shall we say, dear God! to
 (thee i
 how shall we *praise* thy Name?
 Fain would we somewhat thankful be,
 silence will speak our shame.
 But can we by a word or two,
 think to express *thy* praise?
 Words are poor things, what shall we do,
Tongues talk, but *practice* pays.
 And yet alas! what can *we* do?
 what should our *Present* be?
Thou art so high, and *we* so low,
 how can *these* Hands reach thee?
 But tho' our Crowns can never reach
 nor fit thy Glorious Head,
 Yet at thy *Feast* thou dost us teach,
 our *Robes* of praise to spread.
 And tho' thy *Rent* we cannot make
 'till thou shalt bleis our store;
 Yet Lord we pray thee stoop and take
 this *mite* 'till we have more.
 The *Grace* of Christ whereon *we* stand
 doth some Advantage give:
 Do thou but lend *thy* raising Hand,
 we then with thee shall live.
Hosanna to King ————— &c.

H Y M N XXXIX.

WHence comes it that this *Bread* and
such Soul refreshing yeild? (*Wine*)
This Springs not from the *common Vine*
nor grows in *ev'ry Field*.

'Tis curious Fare, this Childrens *Bread*
it is both *Bread* and *Mear*,
Whereby we are both Taught and Fed,
which we may safely eat.

It breeds no *Worms* nor shall they dye
who truly eat this *Bread* :
The *Feeder* is Transform'd thereby,
and no bad *Humour* Fed.

'Tis no *intoxicating Cup*
that is put in our Hand ;
Which if we could but drink it up
would all our *Cares* disband.

O blessed be that gracious *Hand*
that holds and fills the same !
And gladly would we see that *Land*
from whence this *Bread* first came.

Thou Lord, who art the God of Peace,
who art our strength and stay,
Let *Comfort* by thy means increase
and let the *Flesh* decay.

160 *Select Hymns.* Book III

Hosanna to King Davids Son !

Hosanna to the Christ !

Who in th' Almighty's name doth come,

Hosanna in the high'st !

To him that thus hath loved us,

and cancel'd out our score

in the pure Flood of his own Blood ;

be praise for evermore.

A M E N.

P. I. N. I. S.



ERRATA.

Page 21. line 15. for *they*, read *they'r*,
 p. 24. l. 6. r. *when*, l. 7. f. *gates*,
 r. *graces*, p. 27. l. 11. f. *dissolve*, r. *destron*,
 p. 40. l. 4. f. *their*, r. *these*, p. 68. l. 16.
 f. *lle*, r. *thee*, p. 70. l. 15. f. *supposing*, r.
surpassing, p. 81. l. 5. f. *frery*, r. *fiery*, p.
 89. l. 18. f. *grace* r. *grave*, p. 96. l. 13.
 f. *not*, r. *out*, p. 118. f. *commutations*, r.
commutation, p. 123. l. 5. f. *melt*, r. *meet*,
 p. 124. l. 8. f. *whip*, f. *wipe*, p. 140 l. 19.
 f. *are*.

